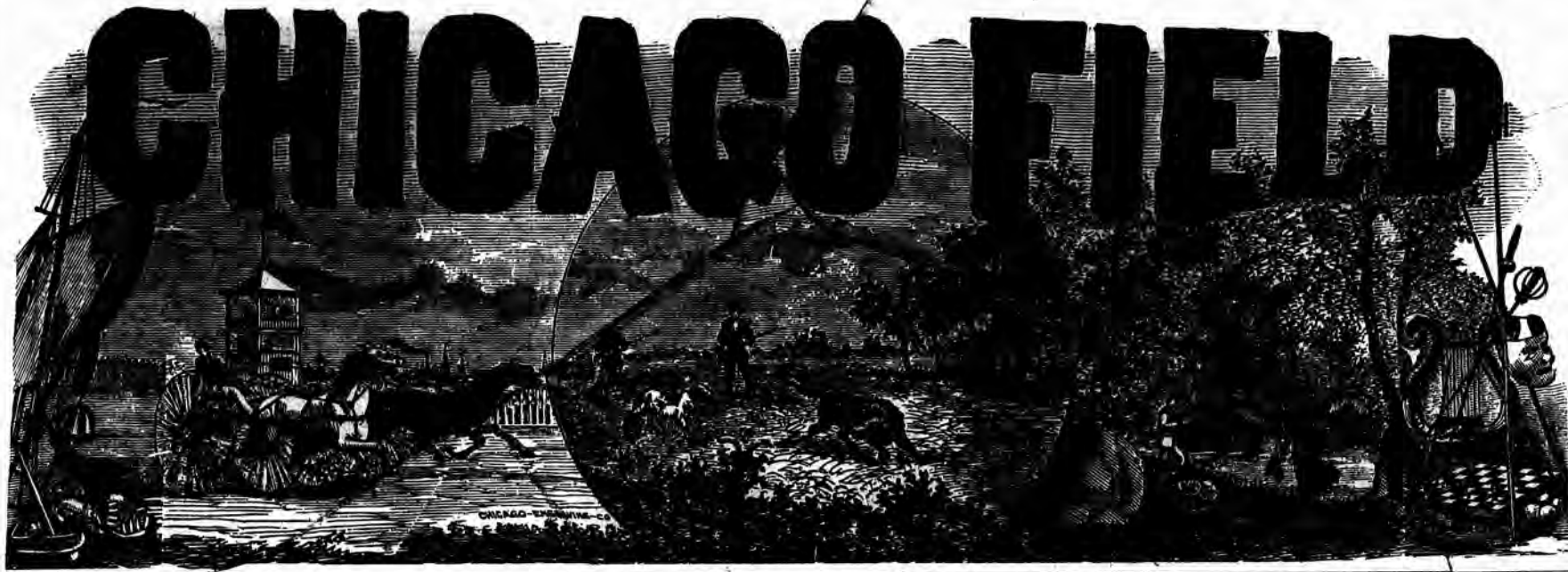




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Brant Shooting at Tuckerton Bay, N. J.

BY HOMO.

"I hope the flight of brant has come on," spoke Alec B. after George L. and your correspondent had fairly seated themselves in the cars, and stowed away big guns, ammunition, etc., pertaining to a wild-fowl shooting trip.

"I trust so, but I see reasons why it should not," I replied. "The Winter has been so backward and the weather so open I fear the wild-fowl have delayed their migration from the North."

"Brant were killed last week," quoth George, "and I heard from one of the baymen that fair shooting was had ten days ago, and one-half of the birds were young ones and stooped nicely."

"That it may be so is my wish," I answered. "It was two weeks earlier than this last year when I had such glorious sport from 'The Bunches' and 'Goose Bar,' but there had been by that time two or three severe freezes in the North which had driven the brant to our bays to seek open feeding grounds."

In this manner was the prospect of our success discussed until we reached the terminus of the New Jersey Southern R. R. at Whiting's, where we were to take the Tuckerton R.R. to Tuckerton, where Capt. Bond was to meet us with his yacht, and land us at his hotel on Long Beach, five miles from the main land.

"Hello, there's Joe Pharo in all his glory," exclaimed Alec, as we stepped from the cars at Whiting's, and so it proved to be; and as we were to wait fifteen minutes for the starting of the Tuckerton cars Whiting's hotel was visited, and an introduction given our party to the landlord. I distinctly remember the proprietor's efforts to detain us until after the train left, and shall ever recollect his great hospitality. We must have been a God send to him in the short time we tarried, for Whiting's is a forsaken place truly.

Passing Barnegat, Manahawken and West Creek we were soon at Tuckerton, and at the depot Capt. Joe Shords was sped.

"There, George, is the man you should engage; he is a good one," spoke Alec. "All right then, Alec."

"Capt. Joe, let me introduce you to Mr. L.," said I.

"How are you, Shorty?" inquired George. This name has hung to Capt. Joe ever since, and is in keeping with his stature; notwithstanding he is a tremendous eater, and should grow more in spite of his few mouthfuls.

Alec found his bayman, Hayes Jones, or Dad, as he is called, with Capt. Bond awaiting us at the landing; and I learned that my man, Sammy Smith, was out in the bay ducking, but would be signaled no our way to the beach.

With sneak boxes in tow, their sterns loaded with hollow geese and brant decoys, we soon left the main land, and were well on our way to Long Beach. Learning that a fair number of brant had made their appearance, the prospect for sport became better, and as an easterly storm was brewing we hoped it would bring with it a large flight, and add to our success.

An hour's sail brought us to the landing, and in a very few minutes we were snugly housed at Capt. Bond's. "Larboard streaks" were ordered to be concocted at once, and thus refreshing the inner man we awaited a brant supper.

Seated at the table with Bond at the head, three more hungry men never were seen. Four brant were consumed, not counting fixings, etc. I was charged on the occasion of being the abode of a reptile commonly known as tape worm; George and Alec each tenants of two.

A game of euchre after supper was the order, Alec and George, and Bond and myself as partners. Now the Captain dislikes to be beaten above all things, especially at euchre, but he and I caught it that evening, and the score against us was a huge one. It was late before we retired, that is, two of our party, one of the trio becoming very sleepy thought it best in view of his coming morning's pull to the Bunches to seek his bed.

"Wake up, boys, it is time you were on the bay; breakfast is ready. Get up!" shouted Bond at four o'clock the next morning.

"All right; right away," we replied.

I never felt a bed so comfortable in my life as I did then, nor did I ever before feel so little like dressing; but early morning shooting is always the best, and our clothes were on in short order. Our men had already taken their morning meal, and were

waiting for us at the landing, with nothing for us to do but to get into our sneak boxes and follow them.

A dull, leaden sky, with a breeze blowing from the North Northeast foretold the coming of a storm, and the wind being fair the "Bunches," an island of sedge grass situated a mile and a half from the beach, and directly in the line of flight of wild-fowl on their journey up and down the bay, was easily reached. Pushing our boxes into the edge of the island, the tide being on the flood, decoys were anchored twenty-five or thirty yards off, boats were covered with grass, and we waited for the first flock.

It requires heavy guns and strong loading to be successful in brant shooting on the sea coast, as they seldom come within forty yards of the shooter, and frequently bunches of fifty to one hundred hover outside the stools, giving to the shooter having a light gun and small charges a poor chance of killing many.

We used on this occasion breech-loading guns, weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds, eight gauge; and shot six and a half to eight drachms of powder, and to ten and a half ounces of No. 1 or single B. Spark's Shot. Hiding below our partly decked sneak-boxes, we did not wait long before we were cautioned by Sammy Smith to keep quiet.



MR. CARRICK'S OTTER HOUND STANLEY.—(SEE PAGE 350.)

"Here comes a bunch up the bay, low to the water, as gentle as dogs; if they will only rise a little so as to see our decoys, they will fall off, cross the flats and give us a beautiful shot," said he. "Houk them, Sammy," said Alec.

Both Dad and Sammy fearing the brant would pass without noticing our stools began calling them, Dad imitating the old bird, and Sammy the young. Sure enough, they heard us, and raising up from the water in their flight saw the decoys and headed right at us. Keeping well down we waited until the flock was right over the stools, and when they hovered over them preparatory to lighting, Dad gave the order: "Now let's kill one or two."

Twelve discharges, almost running into one another, made sad havoc in the ranks of this best of American water-fowl, and sixteen or seventeen dead brant lay scattered on the water, with half that number of wing-tipped ones swimming towards deeper water.

Shorty and Sammy pushing their boxes out from the sedge were busy for fifteen or twenty minutes chasing and shooting again the cripples. While they were so occupied two more bunches came down the bay but sheared off from us on account of the baymen not being hidden.

During the morning we had good fun killing coots that passed near our stools which tended to pass the time between the visits of the brant. Towards noon the easterly wind had driven so much water into the bay our boats were lifted so high on the sedge we could not hide and we abandoned the "bunches," and rowed to a floating cabin a mile distant to eat dinner and await the falling of the tide.

In the afternoon we again took our positions and had great sport killing more brant, a number of black ducks and two Canada geese, when the wind shifted to the East and the rain began to fall. It was a tough pull to the beach with the wind and tide directly against us. Crossing the main channel the sea ran so high we found great difficulty in keeping our boxes head to it; and added to my labors, already sufficient, one of the standards of my oar-locks broke from over-straining, and I was carried down the bay before I could mend it, consequently I was the last to arrive at the landing, worn out and completely blown.

The storm that night increased to a furious gale, and was the same in which the Huron was lost, so it can be readily seen why we did not shoot again during the trip. In fact we could not get to the main land, as no boat could have lived on the bay. We spent the next two days amusing ourselves

at the Life Saving Station at this point, and with billiards, euchre and patrolling the beach with the station crew, passed the time pleasantly.

The brant killed on Tuckerton and Barnegat bays is the *anas bernicla*, and is seldom, if ever, found away from the sea coast, differing entirely from the white-fronted goose and arctic goose, so often termed brant, and the latter white brant in parts of the West.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3, 1878.

CHIEF OF POLICE WALSH EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.—East St. Louis, Ill., Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I noticed a communication in your valuable paper from your Belleville correspondent eulogizing me for enforcing our State game law in this section of the State.

In regard to the communication referred to, I consider that I have done no more than my duty as an officer, whose duty it is to see the dignity of the State and its laws preserved. I would here state that East St. Louis with its 12,000 inhabitants is peculiarly situated, being directly opposite the great city of St. Louis, Mo.; that we are probably more annoyed by hunters than any other city or locality in the State, and especially on the Sabbath day they pass through this city in squads of from two to a dozen, and by 9 o'clock in the morning the surrounding country is swarming with them, and in the evening many return home intoxicated, having gone out more for a spree than for sport; and these same parties actually make day and night hideous.

This same class of sports will shoot at anything and everything that comes before them, from a wren up to a turkey buzzard—a woodcock, quail or a duck on its nest; and frequently young pigs and barnyard pheasants (so say our farmers) are killed. The true sportsman ignores any such practice, but he and the pot hunter are confounded together; hence the arrests, also fines imposed upon all alike.

I would here remark that some years ago this locality was noted for its abundance of game, such as deer, turkeys, quails, woodcocks, ducks and all kinds of water fowl in particular; but, alas, they are fast disappearing by the unerring aim of the potshot, and if they are not killed they are at least scared away; therefore I consider the game law very applicable to this locality. We have a shooting club of fifteen gentlemen in this city, and we are now beginning to realize the healthful effect of the game law. Since its enactment we have been able to go out and "try our luck" and come home rewarded with success.

In regard to having arrested and causing some gentlemen of St. Louis, Mo., to be fined for violating our game law, all that I have to say in the matter is, that as an officer I cannot discriminate.

M. WALSH, Chief of Police.

CARP PROPAGATION.—Congress sees in the carp a source of national wealth, \$5,000 is appropriated for the purpose of adapting the ponds in Monument lot (known as Babcock's lake) Washington, D. C., to the culture of the carp, for distribution throughout the United States. This work is to be done by Colonel Casey, according to the plans of the United States Fish Commission, who, by the way, have the disbursing of these carp.

The Horse.

There is a marked difference in the California Turf.

and in the East, owing to the divergence in the character of the sports of the California turf may be interruptions from the rains from the East. Although there is a son practically in the whole of the year, and from May, the season is as favorable for racing and trotting as the Christmas season. Thus, at San Francisco, and practically all day of the year, there is scarcely a week that is not marked by several contests of speed, and it is a safe calculation to estimate the number of races during the year on these two tracks at upward of three hundred. The general public cannot be expected to retain much interest in races which are of daily occurrence, and hence, on ordinary occasions, a mass of spectators are limited to those who speculate on the results. There has to be some extra attraction to draw a general assembly; but as there are more people who wager in California than there are on the other side of the mountains, according to the ratio of population, the gate receipts and the proportion that the track receives of the percentage on the pool sales enables the club or proprietor to "hang up" liberal purses.

The system of pool selling is entirely at variance with the Eastern custom and greatly increases the profits. There it is cash when the ticket is made out. Here there are many who have "credit in the box," and the purchasers of these are not limited to the amount of cash on hand, but are only restricted by the standing they have with the pool sellers. The fluctuations of a race may change the value of a few hundred dollars into one of many thousands, and as there is no variation from the charge of three per cent. on the gross amount, the income from this source is far beyond what it would be on a cash basis. While two-thirds of this goes to the men who take the risks and do the work, the remainder is the main revenue depended upon to pay the purses, and there are few races in which the "pool money" is not an important sum. The number of races at the metropolises is the means of keeping in training a large number of horses, which, if depending on the fairs and meetings in the country, would not be able to pay even a part of their expenses and consequently, would have to be used for other purposes or turned out for six months of the year. This number of horses in San Francisco and Oakland insures large fields at the autumnal fairs and the associations can give money enough to the "speed" part of their programmes to reimburse their owners.

The population of the whole coast is not greater than that of New York city, and there must be a predilection for sport beyond that of the inhabitants of the Orient to sustain it on the scale which it now occupies. There is a fondness for the excitement among the masses of the people, apart from those who wager, and the stands at the fairs, from Chico to Los Angeles, were crowded whenever the horses were engaged. With all these things in favor of the continued sustaining of turf sports in that region, there has been a marked decadence in the last few years. There have been several reasons for the falling off—the large sensational purses given for races of four-mile heats; the hippodroming tours of the celebrities which have gone there for the benefit of the winter climate and to make that visit profitable, have given exhibitions, which could not be properly termed races, wherever there were dollars to be taken at the gates; the want of an organization which would keep a closer watch and more strictly punish infractions of the rules, and adopt and enforce a code more in accordance with the wants of that country than that of the National Association. The system of pool-selling, while it has increased the revenue of the tracks, has fostered a pernicious practice of great injury to the permanent welfare of turf and trotting sports. The betters on foreseeing the loss of their money, would enter "protests," as they would term an appeal, and if the judges did not sustain them, bring it before the club or proprietor, and from that tribunal to the board of appeals, the aim being to get all the time possible in which to "settle with the poolbox," and months would elapse before those who had paid in cash could even get a return of their money, irrespective of their winnings. The most frivolous grounds were often taken, but as the pool-sellers had to guard the interests of "the box," these interests compelled them to be a party to the wrong, as they could not afford to assume the losses a contrary course would entail. The establishing a board of referees for the Pacific coast" enhanced the evil, making another step to retard progress, and, as a great proportion of the people regarded the appointment as being contrary to the by-laws and rules of the National Association, intensified the adverse feeling and disgusted them with all things pertaining to trotting affairs. When those who are selected to be the exponents and guardians of the laws commit such a palpable violation that it is apparent at a glance, their rulings are little thought of, and if their integrity is undoubted, their capacity is considered far below what the position requires.

The welfare of the sport of the coast imperatively demands that the governing body should be located within the boundaries of the territory governed, and not on the other side of the continent, nearly four thousand miles away. It must have the power to determine cases absolutely and without appeal. Cases have been dragged for months on the claim that a "protest" had been entered, and the payment of pools refused when it was merely a pretext to gain time. The abuses which have been such a heavy handicap on trotting in California would have crushed it in any other country. Fortunately, racing has not been so heavily weighted, and at no period in the history of the country has the prospect for "legitimate sport" been so good. Though a great many of the older horses went amiss during the past summer, the younger animals are of great promise, with enough of them to insure the two and three year old stakes filling with a larger number of nominations than ever were known before.

The doings of the three-year-olds of 1878 will be eagerly anticipated. At least four proved themselves first class in their two-year-old form. Clara D., by Glenelg, her dam a sister to the California stallion Norfolk, ran three races, winning them all. At Chico, Marysville and Sacramento she ran in 1:45½, 1:45½, and 1:44½. It appeared as though that capital time was not the full measure of her capacity. Raven, by Monday, his dam Camille Urso, by Lodi, grandam Annette, by Lexington, on an unfavorable day (high wind and cold) ran on the Bay District Course in 1:44½, with Mark L., by Monday, dam by Norfolk, not a quarter of a second behind. These two colts, bred to Lexington, are very highly formed, and it is only a reasonable estimate that they will do better in their three-year-old form. Lexington Belle, by Lexington, her dam Eagles, by Glenelg, won at Sacramento a three fourths of a mile, in 1:16½, having also won a race at the same distance, at Marysville, in 1:18½. The two fillies were bred in Kentucky, the colts (and their dams, too) in California.

In addition to these four there is a filly by Glenelg, out of Regan; a filly by P. Auet, out of Lily, the dam of General Duke; the Planet—Miranda filly; a filly by Virgil, out of Mary Martin, and Mr. Winters, Mr. Pritchard, Messrs. Coombs & Coghlan, Mr. Boots and others have quite a large number which have never started. The candidates for the two-year-old stakes of next year are still more numerous. Twelve yearlings have been imported from Kentucky this season, with probably twice as many California bred ones as were ever known in previous years.

The importations are a brother to Barney Williams, for which \$2,000 were paid at the Woodburn sale; chestnut filly by Glenelg, out of Regan, costing \$1,000 at Mr. Sanford's sale; a sister to Clara D.; a Glen Athol, out of Annette, and a filly by Monarchist, out of Cornflower, by Virgil. These five are the purchases of E. J. Baldwin, and it appears as though the pronomen of "lucky" was to be his title on the turf (as it has been through the ups and downs of California street). Captain T. G. Moore brought five by Daniel Boone and Bayonet, and a Mr. Lytle brought two by Alarm, one of them with strains of blood on the dam's side, similar to Himyar. To meet these choice specimens from the land of blue grass and race horses, California has some few looking and richly bred youngsters. Camille Urso, the dam of Raven, has a colt by Hubbard which sold for \$1,500 a short time ago. Her dam Annette, by Lexington, has a colt by the same horse, Mayflower, by Kelpsee, has a Hubbard colt which would be hard to beat for good looks and racing points, and Demirep, by Young Melbourne, has also a fine looking Hubbard. Joe Daniels has not had so good a chance, there having been few good mares bred to him, and a great misfortune was the death of a fine filly by him out of Katy Pease. Mr. Winters has some splendid looking yearlings by Norfolk, and a few of the wiry wholebone sort, the get of Langford, the sire of "Old Thad." Mr. Pritchard has several Leinsters out of mares of choice breeding. At Napa Messrs. Coombs have some very promising Lodi's. Others are scattered over the State; so there is little doubt of there being full fields. In after years there must be a constant increase from the increase in brood mares (of stallions there is a surplus), and many of these mares would attract attention in Kentucky. The most prominent brood mare is, without question, Hennie Farrow, by imp. Shamrock, her dam Ida by imp. Belshazzar. Had she never given birth to others than Molly McCarthy it would have been enough to give her fame, but Privateer was a fine race horse, while her son Ralston, now in Japan, was held by good judges to be the equal of his sire, Norfolk. Then Electra, by imp. Kelpsee, was very fast, and though the old mare is now nearly twenty-three she is as sprightly as a colt, and took the first premium at the last State fair. Her daughter, Molly McCarthy, by Monday, is surely a nonpareil. She has never yet lost a heat, and from a dash of one mile to heats of four, and from the time she was two years old until now that she will rank as six she has only met with the most brilliant success. Next to Hennie Farrow would probably rank among

the finest mares Annette, by Lexington, though some would claim it belonged to Margretta, by the same illustrious sire. The latter is the dam of the game and speedy Norfolk and the fast but crazy Bradley. But Annette can show her own power, Camille, Urso and Chance. The latter is somewhat of an anomaly, his sire being a trotting stallion with a record of 2:27, but then the flaw in his pedigree is so slight as only to amount to one part in thirty-two of unknown blood, the greater portion being of the best in the Stud Book. Chance has run a mile in 1:44, run at two-mile heats in good time, and last Summer was taken to Chili, running under the load of 160 lbs. The Belmont mares are becoming scarce, and this highly valued strain has few representatives left. Camille Urso, by imp. Balrownie, Mayflower and Electra, by imp. Or becoming valuable, of Hennie Farrow, and all of them given and having been tried. Cammoed mares, the colts of a Norfolk, her dam Virginia, by Revenue, and the Jeanie C. is by Glenelg and Sarpedon. Tibbie Duubar, by imp. Bozough mares by the dam of the very last three-year-old Lena Dunbar, an Scotland, is mison, by Jack Malone, is the dam of Molly H. This is a fine filly, very brief account of the brood mares, there being a great mass of a filly as well worthy of notice, the object being to show that there is a good deal of the best blood of the East, and when those which are a untired as brood mares, and the young ones now on the turf are added, it cannot be many years before there will be enough bred there to insure capital sport without further importations.

The untired mares which either are studded or will be placed in the stud this year, estimated by their performances, pedigrees, action and form are likely to be valuable additions. Among them are Katie Pease, by Planet, Lady Amanda, by imp. Murrah, Golden Gate, by imp. Leamington, Mattie A., by imp. Australian, and Jose C., by Leamington. With the exception of Pheton, there is not a family of celebrity in the East which is not represented, and the stallions are of nearly every tribe. Imported from England are Hercules, by Kingston, out of a Bay Middleton mare, and Nena Sahib, by Horn of Chase, out of an Irish Birdcatcher mare, and Time and Partisan, late importations. There are two sons of imported Glenelg in California—Rileman, foaled 1855, out of a Rodolph mare, and Crichon, foaled 1858, out of a Wagner mare. The Lexingtons are Norfolk and Baywater, in California; Dr. Lindsey and Luther, in Oregon. Australian has Joe Daniels, Leinster, Wildside, Planet, Hubbard; imp. Kelpsee, Young Eclipse, Murrah, Three Cheers. Monday, by Colton, his dam the celebrated mare Molly Jackson, by Vandal, is proving himself a wonderful breeder. In addition to Molly McCarthy, Raven and Mark L., there is Joe Hooker and his brother California and a two-year-old filly, out of Annette, which is credited with being "faster than any of them." As she has not appeared in public there is no way of knowing whether these assertions will be sustained when the ordeal comes. As he got Battle-axe, the "best two-year-old of his year," ere he left the East, in that superior climate he should stand high. There are several grandsons of Lexington and of the old stock, Thad Stevens and Waterford, by Langford, a son of Belmont. There is another imported English stallion at Stockton, a son or grandson of the "emperor of stallions," Stockwell. At all events the above must be considered a very fair exhibit for a country yet in the youth of colthood, and augers well for the future of the turf in the Occident.

As further evidence of the interest which is taken in horse affairs there are more good mile tracks in California than there are in any other State in the Union. At Yreka, Chico, Marysville, Colusa, Sacramento, Woodland, Stockton, Vallejo, Pacheco, Pleasanton, Alameda, Oakland, San Francisco, San Mateo, Maryfield, San Jose, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Sebastopol and Los Angeles are courses a mile in circuit, the poorest of which is good for horses to run upon, and in many of these places the equipments are of the best description. The brighter prospects of racing, and the greater interest which the public take in that sport, are owing to the owners of race horses being more anxious to win than a few of those who have the management of trotters, and from the controlling power being with parties who reside in the country. Two years ago those who felt the most interested, met at the Palace Hotel and adopted rules and regulations for the government of the turf on the Pacific coast, and which have been adopted by all the courses. They are nearly the same as those of the American Jockey Club, with a few changes to fit them for a difference in some of the features of the sport there. Since that time there has been little delay in adjudicating any questions which have awakened controversy, and only two appeals were taken from the decision of the judges. But the prospects for a better era in trotting affairs are also brightening. The convention, which meets in New York in February, will be solicited to grant a Pacific coast board with the same powers as the "fall board" now possess, and give the chairman the authority to temporarily re-instate pending the meeting of the board. Failing in this there will be a separate organization effected, and either will remove the difficulties which now are so troublesome.

A still greater advantage to trotting sports is the attention which many of the wealthy residents are giving to the breeding of trotters. Ex-Governor Stanford is fitting up a stud farm on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway, thirty-five miles from San Francisco, that will be the most complete breeding establishment for trotters on the continent. It has natural advantages beyond any of the Eastern stud farms, and the artificial will be in keeping with the wealth of the proprietor, his thorough manner of doing everything he undertakes, and the taste he displays. In the vicinity are many of the fine Summer residences of the rich inhabitants of San Francisco, and Menlo Park, adjoining the estate, is the most fashionable suburb of the metropolis of the Pacific. The stock now on it is one of the finest collections of fashionable trotting strains in the country, and the intention is to add to them with animals which come up to the standard established. There are two sons of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Electioneer and Mohawk Chief, and the celebrated trotter, General Benton. These stallions cost \$50,000, and the investment was a judicious one. The mares are of Hambletonian, St. Clairs, Clay, Pilot, and thoroughbred blood, with several belonging to the pacing families, and the young stock are exceedingly promising.

Mark Hopkins and E. S. Miller, Jr., treasurer and secretary of the Central Pacific, have a great many young trotters and are breeding on a large scale. J. B. Haggin has quite a number, most of them purchased in the East. H. W. Seal, whose place joins Governor Stanford's, has Elmo and is breeding extensively, and in nearly every section the production of trotting horses is one of the main pursuits of the agriculturist.

At Los Angeles there are three prominent breeding establishments. L. J. Rose, of Sunny Slope, has already had great success, showing one, two, three, four and five-year-olds, which would compare favorably with those of Kentucky. Mr. Titus is the owner of the Hambletonian horse Echo, a favored stock-getter; and Hancock Johnson, a son of General A. Sydney Johnson, is breeding from the Blackbird horse A. W. Richmond and a superior lot of fine mares. The few colts this horse has shown are of fine speed and form, and his near relative, Blackbird, owned at Chico, is turning out some of the finest looking fast trotters in the country.

The trotting of colts is sure to be a prominent feature in the hereafter of sport in California, and will be the means of redeeming it from much of the odium it now rests under. When gentlemen take control the road agents will be forced to retire, and though this may compel Wells & Fargo to increase the rewards they offer for the capture of those who uphold their treasure boxes, the public would rather take the risk of giving up their valuables at muzzle of a shot gun than be robbed and their amusement spoiled at the same time.

During the last year many horses, thoroughbreds, trotters and carriage horses have been sold from California, their destination Japan, South American States, Australia and British Columbia. The Japanese are fully as well pleased with those they get here as with the animals purchased in Kentucky, and it will not be far in the future when the trade with these countries will absorb the surplus of the breeding farms of California.

Goodwin on Horse-Shoeing.

In 1824 Goodwin published his second edition "On Shoeing Horses." In this treatise Coleman's and Bracy Clark's systems of shoeing are analysed, and the errors applicable to each are pointed out in a scientific and practical manner. Goodwin considered the French shoe and the French mode of nailing superior to the English, and the shoe introduced by him was only a modification of it. The French shoe presents a convex surface to the ground, and concave one towards the sole of the foot, such shape of shoe necessitates extensive seating-out and plenty of cover. The iron forming this shoe is of the same thickness throughout, but from the anterior to about an inch within the posterior part of the shoe describes a slight quarter-circle, i. e., turned up at the toe, and preserves this curve to the quarters on each side, and consequently rests whilst placed in opposition with the ground, like a quoin when its convex surface is turned towards the earth. This curvature at the toe is designated by the French veterinarians the "adjusting balance."

The shape of this shoe has been objected to by many on account of the unnatural bearing the foot is said to be exposed to, and to the slight foothold it affords. Goodwin considered, however, that this form of shoe harmonized more with the motion of the fore-foot than the English with its flat ground surface. "It affords," he wrote, "a greater surface for bearing at the toe than the projecting ridge of the straight, ordinary shoe," and gave greater facility to action by diminishing the labor of the muscles, ligaments, etc., more ease generally, and evidently the liability to strain was in a great measure prevented.

Goodwin cited an instance to prove how easily progression could be effected with shoes turned up at the toe, the Indians with their wooden shoes, which always possessed a considerable toe curvature, and yet they moved with ease, whereas with a straight, unyielding sole locomotion was with difficulty accomplished. The fact, that shoes after a week's wear become ground down at the toe is a proof that such lack of metal at the toe cannot be injurious to the foot structure, for in nine cases out of ten shoes last for three or four weeks; and if during the first week after shoeing the shoe becomes worn at the toe, during the remaining weeks it is evident that progression must be sustained by shoes with turned up toes, i. e., with those very curvatures which some people denounce. Moreover, we constantly hear horsemen stating that horses never move freely until after they had been shod two or three days, and this can be explained simply by the fact that after slight work the ground surface of the shoe wears down, and principally at the toe, when experience seems to indicate that a turned up toe does act as an "adjusting balance;" at any rate, horses work more pleasantly with worn shoes than in those recently nailed to the feet. The coffin or foot-bone possesses, as it is asserted, an elevation at the toe, the quarters and the heels being the only parts which come in contact with the ground, which proves, according to Goodwin, "that they were intended by nature to meet the ground first, and to bear the greater proportion of weight," but that the removal of the quarters to admit of the straight shoe has a tendency to throw that portion of weight upon the heels, a great evil, which the English mode of shoeing increases.

Goodwin was also led to suppose that the late Professor Sewell considered the French shoe superior to the English, for in a conversation with him, after a long shoe superior to the English, remarked that he (Prof. Sewell) had seen more horses in a single journey by coach in England than he had met in France during months abroad. Two objections, however, Goodwin discovered during the formation of the French shoe, viz., "its assumed defects the concave surface of the shoe was modified, the convex ground and concave sole of the shoe were reversed, the former became concave and the latter convex, and was formed with an inclination from the inward to the outward, and was so arranged as to prevent the possibility of the shoe imploding, and the sole. This shaped shoe was to be bevelled on the ground side, from the toe to the inward part, "all round the shoe excepting at the heels," where it was to be thickened and made flat for about an inch, and afterwards, in the flat surface, a deep cavity was to be impressed with a tool adapted for this specific purpose. This ensured the existence of a slight calkin, or "turn up," which did not alter the natural tread of the foot, although it assisted in preventing sliding, &c. This shoe was said to possess important advantages, in that it gave a securer foothold than either the convex or flat surface, that the concavity of the cover corresponded with the natural arch of the sole, and which embraced the convex stones of the paving, and its shape necessitated the weight to be thrown on the crust or wall, thus preventing any "unnecessary strain on the nails and clenching."

The horse's hoof, previously to shoeing, must be prepared by rasping the toe on the sole side of the foot, preserving at the same time "the necessary curve," and by reducing the heels to a level with the frog, and bringing the quarters into a straight line "from the heels to the curve." The superfluous growth of horn on the sole is to be removed, so as to insure its natural concavity, for Goodwin has seen many horses lamed by a smith in attempting to apply to the horse's hoof the modified French shoe, by placing the shoe "flat upon the sole." Any pressure on the sole is sure to injure it, and, as stated in previous letters, the shoe should be nailed on no other part of the foot save on the outside crust as corns and most of the diseases occurring to horses' feet originate from bad shoeing, and principally from injuries to the sole. The frog, if firm and even on its surface, will not require attention, but if rough and uneven the semi-detached and superfluous parts are to be removed. The shoe in all cases should be made full—i. e., must be "about one-eighth of an inch wider than the hoof at the heels, and a trifle longer than the termination of the horn," in order to prevent the possibility of the shoe "imbedding itself within the crust between the periods of shoeing."

The French method of nailing is recommended as being better calculated to confine the shoe to the foot, and to prevent accidents, which are likely to occur from the nails being driven too near to the sensitive structures, etc. The French, instead of driving the nails high up into the outside crust, take greater hold by passing the nail through a portion of the sole and bringing it out lower down on the wall, viz.: nearer to the shoe. In order to explain this matter, it is necessary to describe how the sole and crust at this portion of the equine foot is disposed. The outside portion of the wall, or that part which is displayed to our sight, is secreted from the coronal band, the prominence seen immediately between horn and hoof, which is the hardest of the hoof constituents, and the inward layer of horn, is produced from sensitive laminae, and is of a softer nature than the horn of the wall. The two layers are joined together by very strong union, and when they become disunited, diseases, such as seedy toe, sandcrack, etc., supervene. The Arabian takes advantage of this disposition of the two layers of horn, by allowing them to descend for the space of half an inch below the sole, and through this exposed portion of the hoof-horn they drive the nails obliquely from the inside; by this means the parts are entirely removed from close contact with the sensitive structures, and the evils consequent upon nail-binding, etc., are altogether unable to occur. Of course, this mode of shoeing would not answer in this country; the shoe so nailed is very light, covers the entire sole, with the exception of the frog; but for the localities over which the Arab horse roams, it affords an ample foot armature, as very little amount of wear affects shoes which travel over the sandy plains met with over the Arabian deserts.

From the description of the Asiatic mode of nailing, it will be at once evident that the French farrier takes cognizance of the inner and outer layers of the hoof horn, and in placing a shoe upon the horse's foot, transfixes with the nails both layers, and also a portion of the sole; the nails are brought obliquely outward on the crust, and the clenching takes up a position nearer to the shoe; by this plan the possibility of injury occurring from nailing is in great measure prevented. Amongst other advantages to be derived from the modified French shoe, it is asserted that it obtains a more secure retention to the hoof, and is not so likely to be sucked off in moist clay-land as other kinds of shoes. To test the accuracy of the assertion, Goodwin instituted certain experiments at the suggestion of a veterinary surgeon residing at Northampton. Two fore-feet taken from the same horse were shod, one with a Goodwin's modified, and the other with a common shoe; the shoes were of the same weight and size. A pair of steelyards were fixed over the centre of a clay box, and the hoofs were imbedded in the clay to an equal depth, to just above the hoofs, when 30 pounds weight in 30 seconds was required to withdraw the modified shoe, whilst the other was not raised from the clay bed with less weight than 40 pounds, and not until after the expiration of 60 seconds. Other experiments of a similar nature were tried, and they all resulted in proving that Goodwin's shoe remained firmly on the horse's foot when exposed to the effects of suction. Goodwin answers those people who assert that a shoe presenting a flat surface to the ground affords a larger superficies, and consequently more points of contact than the concave shoe, by stating that pavements rarely are level, and that even if they were a shoe would from daily use soon deviate from its original form, and be worn away principally at the toe, and that, therefore, no shoe with a flat ground surface could preserve its external contour the same as when it was first implanted on the horse's hoof.

PAN, in London Live Stock Journal.

FAIRLAWN SALES.—Gen. Wm. T. Withers, Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., has recently made the following sales of trotters:

McMahon, dark bay colt, foaled April 12, 1876, by Administrator, dam Mattie West by Almont, to Dr. A. S. Holladay, of Brownsville, Nebraska.

Alla W., chestnut filly, foaled April 30, 1874, by Post's Hambletonian, dam Josie Coleman by Quaker Joe, to W. W. Hackney, of Brownsville, Nebraska.

Orphan Girl, black filly, foaled in July, 1875, by Westwind, dam Lady West by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, to J. H. Brady, Esq., of Brownsville, Nebraska.

This stock was shipped to their new home recently, together with Tilton, bay stallion by Almont, sold to parties in Colosa, California.

BONNER ADDS MAUD MACEY TO HIS STABLE.—Mr. Robert Bonner purchased on Dec. 28, from R. Ward Macey the young trotting mare Maud Macey, which Major McDowell and other gentlemen in Kentucky say is the very best one that ever left that State. The price paid was \$10,000. Maud Macey is now six years old. She is chestnut in color, 15½ hands high, and has a record as a five-year-old of 2:37½. During the past year, in her six-year-old form, she has trotted on the track of Mr. Macey, her trainer, several seconds faster than any other horse ever trotted it. Several prominent New Yorkers, who visited Kentucky last Fall and saw her work, all united in saying that there was nothing in Kentucky that could compare with her. She is by Joe Hooker, son of Mambrino Chief—dam, Star Denmark, second dam by Camden.

A THREE-LEGGED COLT.—A mare belonging to a Mr. Christian, a farmer, near Fairfield, Ind., has given birth to a colt having but three legs, the fourth being entirely absent. The colt moves with perfect ease. Its owner has refused a handsome sum for it.

IN THE FORFEIT LIST.—Mr. A. B. Stockwell, the American gentleman who races in England under the name of Alden, is in the "Forfeit List" for \$100. Atlantic Cable is also in the list.

SHIPMENTS OF THOROUGHBREDS TO CALIFORNIA.—Mr. L. B. Dubois, Oakland, Cal., has been in Kentucky for the last two months purchasing thoroughbreds for California. He shipped last week thirteen head, comprising the following well bred animals: Glen Dudley, bay, foaled in 1874, by Imp. Glenelg, out of Madam Dudley; bay filly, foaled in 1876, by Longfellow, dam Planetarium; bay filly foaled in 1876, by Baywater, dam Sally Wallace by Star Davis; chestnut colt, foaled in 1876, by Mosarist, dam Blue Gown, by Planet, chestnut colt foaled in 1876 by Imp. Glenelg, dam Planetarium by Planet; chestnut filly, foaled in 1876, by Enquirer, dam Emma Samson by Rogers; bay filly, foaled in 1876, by Enquirer, dam by Planet, out of Laura by Imp. Leviathan; bay filly, foaled in 1876, by Longfellow, dam Sally Travers by John C. Breckenridge, out of Itaska by Imp. Horton; Lucy Ashton, chestnut filly, foaled in 1876, by Waverly, dam Annie Laurie (dam of Flying Locust) by Vincent Nolte; chestnut filly, foaled in 1876, by Tom Bowling, dam Florence I. by Imp. Australian; Ella Anderson, foaled in 1876, by Enquirer, dam Dolly Anderson by Imp. Australian, and a bay filly, foaled in 1876, by Baywood, dam Laxty by King Lear.

THE MOLLIE McCARTY—JAKE MATCH.—Major Beck, of Sacramento, has been appointed stakeholder for the match race between Theodore Winter's mare Mollie McCarty, five-years-old, by Monday—Henue Farrow, and Henry Schwartz's chestnut gelding Jake, five-years old, which is to take place on the 23d of February, good day and good track, or as soon thereafter as possible. The conditions of the match are that it shall be for \$1,000 a side, half forfeit, two mile heats, Jake to carry 97 lbs. and Mollie McCarty 111 lbs.—the latter thus conceding Jake 14 lbs. Major Beck has received the first instalment of \$500 a side.

A NEW YORK TRACK TO LET.—The owners of the Prospect Park Fair Grounds at Gravesend, Long Island, having graded a new mile track and moved the buildings to proper places and put them in the best condition, and want a tenant for a term of three years. The Club House has been moved from its old site to the Boulevard, the greatest highway for all the riding and driving of both fast and slow horses of the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It is situated about three miles from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and two miles from Coney Island.

SALE OF ANNIE D.—Charles S. Green, the trainer and driver of trotting horses, has recently purchased of William L. Simmons the fast filly Annie D., by George Wilkes, dam by Relf's Mambrino Pilot.

Trap Shooting.

SHOOTING AT MAYWOOD.—Maywood, Jan. 1, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The following are the scores of glass ball shooting at Maywood, Ill., on New Year's day.

First match.		
Moore.....	01011-3	S. Broddle.....10000-1
Porter.....	10111-4	C. Morris.....01110-3
Palmer.....	11000-2	Smale.....00000-0
D. Johns.....	11010-3	
Porter, first money.		
Ties on three.		
Moore.....	0-0	C. Morris.....1-1
D. Johns.....	0-0	
C. Morris, second money.		
Second match.		
Moore.....	10010-2	C. Morris.....01111-4
Porter.....	01011-3	Broddle.....00101-2
McKallor.....	11111-5	
McKallor, first money; C. Morris, second money.		
Third match.		
Morris.....	01011-3	Porter.....10101-3
McKallor.....	11110-4	Moore.....00
Broddle.....	01100-2	
McKallor, first money.		
Ties on three.		
Morris.....	0-0	Porter.....1-1
Porter, second money.		
Fourth match.		
A. Klineaman.....	10100-2	Kendall.....01010-2
C. Willard.....	00101-2	E. Price.....00111-3
J. Gillespie.....	00010-1	Scoville.....01010-2
Wilson.....	00001-1	
E. Price, first money.		
Ties on two.		
A. Klineaman.....	00	Kendall.....00
C. Willard.....	11-2	Scoville.....00
C. Willard, second money.		
Fifth match.		
Wilson.....	00011-2	J. Gillespie.....10000-1
A. Klineaman.....	10111-4	E. Price.....11111-5
C. Willard.....	11110-4	Kendall.....01110-3
E. Price, first money.		
Ties on four.		
A. Klineaman.....	111-3	C. Willard.....111-3
Second tie.		
Klineaman.....	00	Willard.....11-2
Willard second money.		
Sixth match.		
Gillespie.....	11000-2	C. Willard.....11110-4
A. Klineaman.....	11110-4	Kendall.....10101-3
E. Price.....	11111-5	
Price, first money; Klineaman and Willard divided second money.		

HARVARD, ILL.—Shoot Christmas day just for the birds. A splendid lot of birds from Thomas Stagg, mostly drivers.

Match for birds, 21 yards.		
G. Ayer.....	10101-3	E. Ayer.....00101-2
Match for birds, 21 yards.		
G. Ayer.....	11010-3	E. Ayer.....00110-2
Match for birds, 21 yards.		
E. Ayer.....	00010 00011-3	G. Ayer.....11010 11111-8
Match for birds, 21 yards.		
G. Ayer.....	11110 11100-7	E. Ayer.....11110 11100-7
Ties on 7, 26 yards.		
G. Ayer.....	110-2	E. Ayer.....111-3
Match for birds.		
M. Roach.....	11111-5	J. Chuvier.....10100-2
J. Crumb.....	10110-3	M. Burbank.....11111-5
Double birds, Roach and E. Ayer, 18 yards, G. Ayer, 21 yards.		
E. Ayer.....	11 11 0-4	G. Ayer.....11 01 11-5
M. Roach.....	10 10 10-3	
Roach pays.		
Roach and E. Ayer, 18 yards, G. Ayer, 21 yards.		
E. Ayer.....	11 10 01-4	G. Ayer.....01 1 00-2
M. Roach.....	11 11 11-6	
G. Ayer pays.		
Roach and E. Ayer, 18 yards, G. Ayer, 21 yards.		
First pair and out.		
E. Ayer.....	11 10 10-4	G. Ayer.....11 01 10-4
M. Roach.....	10 10 11-4	
E. Ayer pays.		
E. Ayer, 18 yards, G. Ayer, 21 yards.		
G. Ayer.....	10 10 11 11 10 10-8	E. Ayer.....01 11 10 11 01 11-9
G. Ayer pays.		
Match, 21 yards.		
E. Ayer.....	10110-3	M. Roach.....11100-3
G. Ayer.....	01011-3	
First miss out, 26 yards.		
E. Ayer.....	1-1	M. Roach.....0110-3
G. Ayer.....	0111-3	
Roach pays.		
Match for the birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.		
G. Ayer.....	11111 11111 11111 01011 01100-19	
E. Ayer.....	10101 11110 10101 10100 11111-17	

CHEYENNE, Wyoming Ter., Dec. 26, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—The Wyoming Gun Club had a sweepstakes on Christmas day, 21 yds rise, 80 yards boundary, 5 birds; \$5 entrance; entrance money divided into first and second prize.

Donzleman.....	01001-2	Greene.....11111-5
Allen.....	11001-3	Jones.....01011-3
Sage.....	11110-4	
Greene, 1st money; Sage, second.		
Second shoot, same rules seven birds.		
Donzleman.....	011011-5	Greene.....111011-6
Sage.....	111101-6	Jones.....111111-7
Allen.....	0010000-1	
Jones, first money.		
Greene and Sage tie for second money, shoot three birds each at 26 yards.		
Greene.....	111-3	Sage.....100-1
Off-hand rifle shoot, 125 yards.		
Greene.....	4 5 5-14	Jones.....5 5 4-14
Jones and Greene divided.		

DEATH OF FRANK.—Mr. Tom Stagg's old Frank, over twenty-five years of age, died on Jan. 5 of inflammation of the bowels. The many virtues of the old gelding are well-known to the shooters who were frequent attendants of the tournaments at Dexter Park.

SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.—The regular monthly shoot for the champion cup of the Long Island Shooting Club, on Dec. 28, was well attended, fifteen members participating. The prize was won by Mr. Chase, Hance, who killed a straight seven. Two sweeps were shot off after the regular match. The following are the

SCORES.		
Dexter Park, Jamaica Road, L. I., Dec. 28, 1877.—Regular monthly shooting of the Long Island Gun Club for the champion silver cup. Seven birds, 25 yards rise, (the holder of the cup handicapped at 27 yards), 80 yards boundary, 1 1/4 ounces of shot, H. and T. traps, the club rules to govern;		
C. Hance.....	111111-7	Miller.....0111011-5
Broadway.....	011111-6	Thomas.....111010-4
Brown.....	011101-6	Edrick.....1110 w-3
Lamphear.....	011101-5	Hughes.....1110 w-2
Gildersleeve.....	111101-5	A. Hance.....1110 w-2
Murphy.....	111101-5	Robinson.....0 w-0
Henderson.....	101101-5	Williams.....* w-0
Madison.....	101101-5	
* Fell dead out of bounds.		

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes \$2 each; \$12 to the first, \$8 to the second and \$4 to the third; at three birds each.

+Thomas.....	111-3	Robinson.....101-2
+Edrick.....	111-3	Hughes.....110-2
+Black.....	111-3	C. Hance.....101-1
Broadway.....	101-2	Williams.....*0 w
Gildersleeve.....	111-2	Jones.....*0 w
Brown.....	110-2	O'Brien.....00 w

* Fell dead out of bounds.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, \$2 each; \$10 to first, \$6 to second and \$4 to the third, at three birds.

+Robinson.....	111-3	Jones.....111-2
+Gildersleeve.....	111-2	Hughes.....101-2
+Edrick.....	111-3	Lamphear.....101-2
Williams.....	11-2	Brown.....0 w
Broadway.....	101-2	Black.....0 w

* Fell dead out of bounds.

Divided the money.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, \$2 each; \$10 to first, \$6 to second and \$4 to the third, at three birds.

+Robinson.....	111-3	Jones.....111-2
+Gildersleeve.....	111-2	Hughes.....101-2
+Edrick.....	111-3	Lamphear.....101-2
Williams.....	11-2	Brown.....0 w
Broadway.....	101-2	Black.....0 w

* Fell dead out of bounds.

Divided the money.

Mr. E. W. Woods, referee. Time of shooting, 3h. 15m.

MANFIELD, PA., Dec. 25, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Glass ball shoot at Thunderbolt Park, Bogardus balls, etc.

First match.		
W. S. Bell.....	11110-4	J. Lovett.....10110-3
J. Drake.....	11011-4	J. C. Bedell.....0011w-2
M. Frederick.....	1100w-2	A. W. Waldie.....11000-2
Ties on 4.		
W. S. Bell.....	111-3	J. Drake.....110-2
Bell wins.		
Second match.		
W. S. Bell.....	01111-4	S. McDowell.....11101-4
J. Drake.....	0101w-2	A. W. Waldie.....01111-4
M. Frederick.....	1000w-1	J. Steel.....0101w-2
J. C. Bedell.....	1100w-2	J. Lovett.....11010-3
J. Stephenson.....	1010w-2	
Ties on 4.		
W. S. Bell.....	1-1	A. W. Waldie.....0-0
S. McDowell.....	0-0	
Bell wins.		
Third match.		
W. S. Bell.....	01101-3	Bedell.....0011w-2
J. Lovett.....	11011-4	Waldie.....0100w-1
Frederick.....	1001w-2	Drake.....0011w-2
B. Kumpf.....	1100w-2	F. Kumpf.....0110w-2
Stephenson.....	0100w-1	J. A. Bell.....01111-4
Ties on 4.		
Lovett.....	1-1	Bell.....0-0
Lovett wins.		
Fourth match.		
W. S. Bell.....	011-2	Drake.....111-4
J. A. Bell.....	110-2	Littlehales.....01w-1
Frederick.....	00w-0	J. Steel.....00w-0
Kumpf.....	111-3	J. Stephenson.....01w-1
Lovett.....	00w-0	K. Hagerman.....0w-0
Ties on 3.		
Kumpf.....	1-1	Drake.....0-0
Kumpf wins.		

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 21, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The third contest for the concrete ball champion badge took place at East Newark to day, and before giving the score I must say a few words concerning the same. It was a supposed foregone conclusion that E. Miller, of Plainfield, the acknowledged champion shot, would win; in fact, he had given it out, as they say; but, contrary to all expectations, Mr. Sanger, of Orange, N. J., won it by one ball. This caused, naturally, a strong commotion, and much to the disgust of the gentlemen participating. Miller acted upon his defeat in a most childish and unbecoming manner, more especially as he has the knowledge that he holds the power to take it whenever he pleases. Moreover, as the badge was gotten up for amusement and not gain, it would, under the circumstances, have been more gentlemanly to have had it won two or three times instead of winding it up in this selfish and grasping manner, as it was through the courtesy of the many gentlemen subscribers that he was allowed to shoot at all. But such is the short-sightedness of human nature. He has, by this act, driven the last nail in his coffin, and henceforth will be barred from all shoots, sweeps and otherwise.

Third concrete ball shoot at East Newark, 25 balls apiece, from three traps, ten yards apart. Miller stood at 20 yards, all the rest at 12 yards.

A. B. Kay.....	10100 11110 00101 11011 10111-16
J. S. Dunston.....	01010 10111 11110 11001 10111-17
E. Miller.....	10001 11110 11111 11111 11010-19
Van Volkenburg.....	00010 10001 10000 w
Sanger.....	01011 01111 11101 11101 11111-20
W. S. Canon.....	00011 11001 10111 00110 01001-13
Brintnall.....	10011 11001 10111 00110 01001-13
I. Deeken.....	00100 00010 0100 w
W. Coster.....	01110 10101 00111 11110 11111-18

A singular accident happened at the shoot. Mr. Sanger, in loading his gun, after completing this task, discharged it accidentally, lodging the contents in the stock of Van Volkenburg's gun stock, knocking it to pieces, thereby causing this gentleman to shoot with a strange gun, kindly loaned by a non-participant. More anon.

SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.—The following are the scores of several sweepstakes, matches shot off on Dec. 21, at Dexter's Park, near Jamaica, L. I.

Dexter Park, Jamaica Road, L. I., Dec. 21, 1877.—First sweep, \$2 each; total \$10; \$10 to first, and \$6 to second; at 3 birds each; 25 yards rise; 80 yards boundary; 1 1/4 ounces of shot; ground traps; the Long Island rules to govern.		
G. F. Gildersleeve.....	111-3	*Heming.....101-2
*Rutledge.....	110-2	Zeller.....100-1
*Broadway.....	110-2	Long.....010-1
*Landcake.....	011-2	Rogers.....000-1

* Divided second money.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes \$2 each; total, \$16; divided, \$10 to first and \$6 to second; three birds; the two best shots to take the prizes.

+Heming.....	110-2	Rutledge.....101-2
+Broadway.....	110-2	Gildersleeve.....101-2
Zeller.....	010-1	

Messrs. Van Wicklen, Rogers and Landcake were shot out, as neither killed.

* Fell dead out of bounds.

Divided the money.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes, \$2 each; divided; \$7 to first and \$5 to the second; 3 birds; first tie shot off at 3 birds each, and the second tie miss and go out.

+Zeller.....	011101-5
+Gildersleeve.....	11011-4
Broadway.....	11011-4
Rogers.....	1011010-4
Rutledge.....	110010-3
Heming.....	00w

* Fell dead out of bounds.

Divided the money.

Time of shooting, two hours and forty-seven minutes.

EDINA, KNOX CO., Mo.,—Editor Chicago Field:—The sportsmen of Edina tried their luck at tame pigeons, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, from two pigeon traps set four yards apart; H. E. McBride, referee; W. Pough, scorer.

First match.		
J. Victor.....	1111-4	A. C. Waddell.....10010-2
C. Long.....	00100-1	
Victor first, Waddell second.		
*Dead out of bounds.		
Second match.		
J. Victor.....	1111-4	C. Smith.....10111-4
C. Long.....	1101-4	E. E. Chase.....10111-4
A. C. Waddell.....	10011-3	
Ties on 4, miss and go out.		

Victor.....	11-2	Smith.....11-2
Chase.....	0-0	Long.....0-0
Victor and Smith divide on account of no birds.		
We will try it again and will send you the score.		

J. V.

CLINTON, IOWA, Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Some of the best shooting ever done in this vicinity was accomplished at the shooting tournament, New Year's day, at Ringwood Park. In the shoot for the \$100 gun, 140 birds were shot at and but 22 missed, while of those escaping several fell dead out of bounds. Bid Gage, as usual, carried off the honors of the day, his remarkable shooting being admired by all. His score at the Christmas shoot, 14 out of 15, and his score yesterday, 19 straight, 10 at 20 and 9 at 30 yards rise, not only stamps him as the best shot in the Hawkeye Gun Club, but one of the best amateur shots in the West. The birds shot were all wild ones, and when sprung from the trap started as if they were going to Michigan and had but ten minutes to get there.

After the prize shoot, the rest of the day was passed in sweepstakes shooting at both glass balls and pigeons, and some very fine scores were made.

The following is the

SCORE.		
S. W. Brazill.....	11011 11111-9	W. B. Leffingwell.....11101 11111-9
S. W. Toney.....	11111 11111-10	W. Toney.....11111 11111-10
S. Simon.....	11101 11111-9	Bid Gage.....11111 11111-10
W. Johnson.....	10010 10011-5	H. Woodward.....11111 11111-10
W. Holmes.....	0001 w	G. Denille.....01010 10111-6
E. H. Callender.....	01110 11110-7	F. Gage.....11111 11111-10
Ties on 10, first miss out, 30 yards.		
H. Woodward.....	110	S. W. Toney.....11111 1110-8
F. Gage.....	11111 10	Bid Gage.....11111 1111-9

BALTIMORE, Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The past week several very interesting matches have been shot at Ulery's grounds. Included and score of the two most important matches, for \$100, 15 pigeons, 26 yards rise, trap and handle.

SCORE.		
Geo. McKnight.....	01110 11011 11101-11	
Chas. Pontier.....	10101 10101 00011-8	
O. Swan, referee. Martin, judge for McKnight; Boltz for Pontier.		
Match, 21 yards, 30 pigeons.		

SCORE.		
O. Swan.....	11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-30	
E. T. Martin.....	11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-29	
Ulery, referee.		

In Sweepstakes, Kell, Swan and Martin were principal winners. The attendance was good, and much interest manifested. On Christmas, Mr. Martin shot an exhibition to break 50 glass balls in five minutes. By mistake in the score he was stopped when he had broken 45; time, 3:00.

MOLINE, Ill., Jan. 2, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—A shooting match came off here yesterday between Harry A. Steward and Charles Ainsworth at the club shooting grounds. The shooting was at 25 glass balls each, Bogardus rules to govern, 30 yards rise.

SCORE.		
Steward.....	11111 01111 10011 10011 10000-16	
Ainsworth.....	11111 10111 10101 10101 01011-18	
This was Ainsworth's first trial at glass balls.		

SMITH—ROCHE MATCH.—Dexter Park, Chicago, Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Between Greene Smith and H. O. Roche, 100 wild birds, (furnished by T. Stag) for price of birds, ground traps, 30 yards rise, Hurlingham rules, except Roche to hold his gun as he pleased, Smith to hold his gun according to rule.

SCORE.

Greene Smith.....01111 11011 00111 11*10 01101 11000 101*1 00010 10000
01111 0*011 11011 11111 01100 10001 11011 01010 11*11
10011 00010—57.
H. O. Roche.....*0*01 11011 00110 11011 11001 00110 11011 11011 11010
11110 00010 00100 00*11 01111 11011 10111 00001 11111
10101 10001—57.

Ties on 57 at 5 birds.

Smith.....01111—4 | Roche.....01011—3

A REVOLVING TRAP.—Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 27, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I should be obliged to you for your opinions upon the following: I have invented a revolving glass ball trap—a trap which throws the balls into all directions—thereby more naturally imitating the flight of birds. The trap can also be set so as to throw the ball in any certain direction desired, and also either high up or slanting.

As the season of trap-shooting is now over, I hesitate in manufacturing, but shall do so next Spring if the idea meets with the approbation of shootists. This trap is based on different principles than anyone now in use to my knowledge. My invention is quite a piece of machinery, and the cost of same would naturally be more than the traps now in use. The Bogardus, Purdy, &c., traps do very well, but it seems to me, it is not very good practice for practical shooting in the field by shooting at balls consecutively flying in one certain direction. Even when two or more traps are used at the time, the shootist will know where the ball will be thrown when the trap is sprung. One of my traps would be sufficient for all purposes, when in a revolving state, no two balls would be apt to fly alike in succession. When required the trap can be so regulated without waste of time or annoyance, as to throw the balls consecutively in one direction. NIEL REBAN.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 23 '77.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—During the past week, two day's shooting, Wednesday and Thursday, were held at Uly's Grounds, under management of Mr. E. T. Martin. The shooting was very good and attendance large. Mr. Martin, who missed but one bird in the seven sweepstakes shot, although handicapped at 28 yards to the others 21, won most of the prizes; next to him Messrs. F. Kill and Engle were most successful. Thursday Engle carried off the honors, killing 35 birds before missing. At 3 o'clock Mr. Martin gave an exhibition of fast shooting never before equalled in Baltimore. He shot at 52 glass balls (Sage patent) 15 yards rise, loading his own gun, and broke 61 in 3 minutes 53 seconds. The large attendance was quite delighted with the performance. Christmas day shoots are announced at McKnight's and Uly's both, with an exhibition shoot by Mr. Martin at each. Wednesday, Geo. McKnight and Chas. Pontier shoot for \$100, at Uly's, 30 pigeon's each, 26 yards rise, trap and handle. CANTON.

MR. MARTIN TO DR. CARVER.—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 5, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I see that Dr. W. F. Carver, of San Francisco, is out in a very extended challenge to glass ball shooters. Now I cannot go to San Francisco, but will meet Dr. Carver half way, say in Denver, or better for me in Omaha, and will shoot him three of the eight matches he proposes. viz: At glass balls, 25 yards rise. 1. He to shoot on horse-back 21 yards, I on the ground 30 yards. 2. He to shoot with a rifle and I with a shot-gun 30 yards rise. 4. The numbers I give being in the order he gives them in his challenge. I will also bet him that I can break 100 balls quicker than he can, loading my own gun and shooting as customary in my exhibition shoots. I will also bet that I can beat him 18 yards rise, one trap to throw the ball straight away, 100 balls each. I will be home very shortly now, and will be pleased to hear from the Doctor to your care. E. T. MARTIN.

Natural History.

Wild Goats of the Western Himalayas.

Notwithstanding the numerous trophies procured by sportsmen, and a pretty close acquaintance with the outward appearances of the animals, much has yet to be ascertained in connection with the characters, habits, and distribution of the wild goats which frequent the mountain regions on the northwestern and western borders of our Indian empire. Their haunts being for the most part among the towering crags and dangerous declivities, where few but the resolute hunter essay to tread, it is chiefly to a recital of the venturesome wanderings of the cragsman that the naturalist must look for most of his information on such points.

It is true that many who hunt these animals do so without any object beyond the love of the pursuit and its inexpressible charm, which none but those who have experienced it can rightly appreciate; at the same time, setting aside these personal considerations, there are many experiences combined with the chase which, if properly utilized, furnish valuable data in connection with the natural history of many wild animals—for example, the nature of their favorite haunts, the habits of each animal, its natural enemies, its food, the changes of coat in the alpine species, varieties of the same animal in different districts in relation to size, color of the fur and horn, the limits of distribution, and many other points which often force themselves on the attention of an intelligent hunter. The authenticated records of such experiences in relation to the animals under consideration would be extremely valuable; indeed, they could scarcely be otherwise in connection with wild denizens of all countries not hitherto explored by scientific naturalists.

These few prefatory remarks are thrown out with the view of attracting the attention of Himalayan sportsmen in particular towards what may still be termed desiderata in the natural history of the wild animals of that region.

1. THE MARKHOR, OR GREAT HORNED GOAT.—This noble goat, the largest representative of its genus, appears to have been first noticed by the late Dr. Falconer in 1838, and was subsequently described by Captain Hutton.

The derivation of its name markhor or markhur would appear to be of Afghan origin, and signifies "snake-eater." There does not seem the slightest reason, however, to suppose that the animal in any way merits the appellation. The horns have a twisted serpentine configuration, which to the fruitful imagination of the Oriental may have furnished a superstitious idea as to the nature of the animal's food. On one occasion, when hunting this goat on the southern or Pir Pinjal ranges of Cashmere, the writer was told by a native shikaree that the petrified snake-like shells of the fossil ammonites, frequently observed among the debris of the rocks, had been converted into stone in the stomach of the markhor! When the first horns were examined by the late Mr. Blyth and Dr. J. E. Gray, they were of opinion, from the variability in size and curvature of specimens, that the markhor was only a variety of the domestic goat which had gone wild. This idea, however, has been long abandoned. It is known by various other names in different districts. Being addicted to the habit of feeding in the morning and afternoon on the grassy patches by the sides of streams, it gets the name of Tshura (water goat) in the Kafiristan mountains, and Rawacheh (big horn). Again, in Eastern Turkistan, on the banks of the Oxus, it is seemingly known as the Ras, and on the Central ranges as the Rush.

The geographical distribution of this magnificent goat has not been clearly defined. It is partial to inaccessible rocks, where the herd spends the day, descending to the verdant patches at daybreak and towards the afternoon.

The limits of its dispersal, as far as yet known, would seem to

be embraced between the 30th and 42d parallels of latitude and the 55th and 90th degrees of longitude; in other words, it has been reputed to frequent the northern ranges of Persia, Afghanistan, and the mountains of Turkistan. It has been often killed on the Sullman mountains of the Punjab, as far south as Mitlenkote on the Indus. On the northwestern frontier of India it extends its range from the Bimbur Pass, across to the Pir Pinjal ranges of Cashmere, and away eastward to Tibet. The Huzara country along the banks of the Indus to Iskardo is a favorite locality; but the animal is partial to districts, and on native authority the writer was assured that the ibex and markhor are never found on the same feeding grounds. This he believes is at all events true as far as the Cashmere mountains are concerned, inasmuch as the ibex is plentiful on the higher peaks of the northern and eastern barrier ranges of the valley, where he failed to establish the presence of the markhor; whereas the latter, to the total exclusion of the ibex, appeared to affect the western mountains. The probability is that the two do not agree. The Thar, another species to be referred to presently, seems to get on with the markhor, as I have seen them herding together. Indeed, the precise mountain ranges frequented by the ibex and markhor are important desiderata, which sportsmen might easily supply. Instead of a long story of how a herd is circumvented, and wearisome details of the state of the weather, or how he got to this encampment or that, if the narrator would tell us such facts as just indicated, there can be no doubt of the welcome they would bring to persons to whom sporting is looked on not only as a manly pastime, but capable of being also turned toward mental instruction, and consequent improvement of our knowledge of natural objects.

It is believed that the horn of the markhor is subject to variations according to localities, not only as regards dimensions, but in the extremely graceful spiral curve. At all events, in these respects there seems to be much variation. In some districts, to wit, the ranges around the valley of Peshawur northwards, the horns of the markhor are more twisted (corkscrew-like) than the generality of specimens from the left bank of the Indus, about Dardu. The length of the horn varies, too, apparently, irrespective of age, the finest heads having been reported from the latter country, where the animal is plentiful. The largest horn measured by the writer was 3ft. 7in. in length, and 1 1/2 in. in its maximum circumference. Again, in certain individual instances the horns rise almost perpendicularly, in others obliquely, and the degree of twisting varies immensely in what would appear to be local varieties. This, however, requires confirmation, and can only be determined by an examination of many specimens of fully adult horns from the same district.

Besides the usual changes of the coloring and consistency of the fur owing to season, it has been stated that piebald varieties are met with. This requires confirmation, bearing in mind, when the winter coat with its lighter-colored under wool, or peshmena, are developed, that the fur is much paler than at mid-summer; and the same obtains with the ibex and other goats. The rutting time is in September and October, whilst the young (usually one) is born about May. The breeding season, however, is not well known, nor the exact continuance of gestation. Do the females continue with the herd during the latter period?

The full-grown and patriarchal male markhor, in point of outward aspect, far eclipses any of its genus. Standing often twelve hands at the withers, with the spiral, massive horns rising first perpendicularly, then diverging gracefully backwards; the long flowing black beard, sometimes dashed with grey, stretching from the chin down the dewlap to the brisket, and falling in long tresses on the knees; his sturdy frame and thick-set fur all over, give an air of imposing dignity to the animal, unsurpassed by its rival the ibex. Therefore, as regards graphic effect, one has only to behold the leader as he stalks forth on the beetling crag to recognize, and when his handsome proportions are thrown well into relief, to come to conclusion that, in point of mien, the markhor has few rivals.

It has been stated that the male markhor has not the disagreeable odor of the domestic goat. This is seemingly not altogether correct, as the writer is aware, from individuals killed even at mid-summer; whilst no doubt the condition is pronounced during the rutting season, when doubtless single combats between the leaders of herds are of frequent occurrence, as shown by the battered appearance of the horns.

2. The wild goat (*Capra uagrus*). Although not apparently a native of the ranges referred to in connection with the markhor, this goat is said to frequent the mountains on the western frontier of Scinde, seeing that it is plentiful in Persia. Though the ibex-like horn at once distinguishes it from the markhor, the two are likely to be confounded. It would be interesting, as far as the distributions of these species are concerned, if the limits of their haunts as regards the western frontier of India could be clearly defined. From all accounts, it is not a native of the northern ranges. The late Mr. Blyth, who had examined a great many horns of the wild goats of the East, asserted that in twisted horns the twirl is always outwards in the wild animal, and always inwards in domesticated breeds. The native names of the wild goat are not well known, as far as its Indian distribution is concerned. It comes nearest to varieties of the domesticated animal, and, in common with the Nubian goat, may probably have been one of the species from which domesticated goats sprang.

3. The ibex. The ibex of the Himalayas is considered identical with the animal now nearly extinct on the European Alps. A few unimportant distinctions, with reference to the horn and growth of the beard in the Asiatic ibex, were advanced when fewer materials for comparative purposes existed. These characters, however, have been shown to be common to both ibexes. No doubt this goat is subject to much variability, and in Ladakh there is a small race, possibly confined to a particular district, whilst on the higher peaks of the northern Pinjal of Cashmere it attains to its maximum proportions. The horn is very variable in size and no doubt the long, slender and the short horn will be found to establish local races.

The denizens of Kooloo, Lahoul, Zainskar, Cashmere, Ladakh, and Thibet would doubtless present some local peculiarities, descriptions of which cannot be otherwise than interesting and instructive, even supposing all the varieties of the horn were to be met with in one herd or in one district.

It is important to establish these differences, and the observer who shall do so will be adding something to the natural history of the animal. The lengths of horns by the chord and curve, are desiderata as far as the adult male is concerned. The local names, as regards the region to which I restrict my observations, are, with the exception of the kyl of the Cashmere, more or less modifications of the word skeen. The hostility between the ibex and the markhor is seemingly established; the only point unanswered is—which is usually the victor?

Herds are said to be very partial to localities. A Cashmere shikaree informed the author that an old male with truncated horns had been known to live for many years, as the leader of a large herd which frequented particular craggy steep of a mountain gorge, where they were always to be found, and at all seasons.

The shawl-fleece, from which the celebrated shawls of Cashmere are fabricated, is especially fine on the ibex, for the reason

that it inhabits the mountain tops, whilst the domesticated Cashmere goat is not so much exposed to low temperatures.

4. THE TREK (*Capra jemalaica*).—This short-haired goat seems not to be found westward of the Indus, and possibly its limits in that direction terminate on the Pir and Futi Pinjal ranges of Cashmere. It is plentiful on the northern and eastern Himalayas. The Cashmere native hunters call it the Jugla and Kras, whilst eastward it is known by the name above given, and in Nepal as the Jharal. The gestation of this species has not been accurately determined, nor whether there are any local varieties in the wide range of mountainous country frequented by it. Like the preceding, it is partial to localities—indeed, herds of all of these species live much in the same way, and confine their peregrinations to favorite crags and feeding grounds; hence the likelihood of any individual peculiarity—for example in the shape of the horn—becoming inherited, so that we thereby determine the disposition to variability in the animal. There can be no doubt that all the members of the goat and sheep genus are subject to much mutation individually, and that it is owing to this peculiarity that the domesticated races adapt themselves so well to different countries and climates.

5. THE SEROW, OR GOAT-HORNED ANTELOPE (*CAPRICORNIS BUBULINA*).—The Nepalese name, Thar, for this strange goat-antelope is apt to confuse it with the former, but otherwise there are very wide distinctions. It is called ramoo in Cashmere. An enumeration of the localities frequented by the serow is a desideratum. Its habits are pretty well known, but it is doubtful, among all the skins and heads sent to Europe, if a complete skeleton of the species is to be found in many collections; indeed, the same may be said more or less of all the preceding. It might be inconvenient to preserve the entire skeleton, but the chief long bones can be easily saved, and will always be thankfully received at any of the large museums. The habit of sawing off the hinder portion of the skull to get at the brain is unnecessary, where a little extra trouble in extracting it by the natural opening in the hind head is not objected to. The accurate descriptions of the habits and a few of the haunts of this and many other animals, by Mr. Wilson, of Mussooree, in the *Calcutta Sporting Review* nearly thirty years ago, leave little to be added to the particular points referred to by him. There does not seem much variability in the horns or color of the fur of this hermit goat, which leads a very secluded life, and is apparently only goat-like in the shape of its horns.

Of the other allied denizens of the western Himalayas may be mentioned the following sheep-goats:

6. The shapoo (*Caprovius vigniei*) and the houriar (*Caprovius clydei*). The former frequents the district of Ladakh, and the latter is found on the Sullman and Salt ranges of the Punjab. The two differ, or rather have been separated, in consequence of disparities in the configuration and direction of the horns; but it has yet to be shown how far these peculiarities are admissible as specific distinctions, and here again the experiences of the hunter might settle the point. The horns of the houriar proceed almost in a straight line from the skull outwards, forming nearly a complete circle, whilst their upper surfaces are flat, so that a vertice section of a horn gives a triangular figure, the base of which is of course superior. In the shapoo the horn is relatively more massive, and proceeds backwards without forming a circle. Probably this goat is usually larger than the houriar, and, from the elevated region inhabited by it, the fur is thicker. Now, whether or not the horns of either of these goats are subject to variations remains to be shown. If such should be the case, and the shapoo is proven to not only inhabit the above region, but proceed southwards through Dardu to Attock, and thence to the Salt and Sullman ranges of the Punjab; and should it be likewise shown that individuals have horns exactly like those of the houriar—then there can be no doubt that these are only varieties of one species. The exact geographical distribution of these sheep-goats is required, and comparative anatomists desire to know more of their osteologies. Now, as the *Field* is read by sportsmen all over India, the few suggestions here given may perchance fulfil the double object of being the means of both dispensing and receiving information, bearing in mind that

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

A. L. A., in *London Field*.

Miscellaneous.

Close Seasons.

We give below a list of the close season in the states and territories which were omitted in our last issue:

PENNSYLVANIA.—All deer, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; squirrels, Jan. 1 to July 1; hares, (or rabbits), Dec. 15 to Oct. 15 next; wild turkeys and Summer ducks, Jan. 1 to Aug. 15; woodcocks, Jan. 1 to July 4; quails, Dec. 15 to Oct. 15 next; ruffed grouse and pinnated grouse, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; rails and reed birds, Dec. 1 to Sept. 1.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—All deer, Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; wild turkeys, quails, grouse, woodcocks, doves, and snipes, April 15 to Oct. 15.

UTAH TERRITORY.—Quails and wild fowl protected till 1879. Brook trout, from April 1 to Sept. 1.

DAKOTA TERRITORY.—Quails, prairie chickens and grouse, March 1 to Aug. 1.

MAINE.—Woodcocks and ruffed grouse, wood-duck and English snipes, quails and pinnated grouse, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1. All kinds of deer, Jan. 1st to Oct. 1st.

LOUISIANA.—All deer, Feb. 1 to Aug. 1; wild turkeys, quails, partridges or pheasants, April 1 to Sept. 1.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Partridges, quails, wild turkeys, April 1 to Oct. 1; Deer, Feb. 15 to Aug. 15.

DELAWARE.—Quails, ruffed grouse and rabbits, Feb. 15 to Nov. 1, in Kent and Sussex counties; Jan. 1 to Nov. 1 in Newcastle county. Woodcocks in the above counties, Jan. 1 to July 1.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Quails, Jan. 1 to Oct. 15; ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse and all wild ducks and geese, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1. All deer, Jan. 15 to July 15.

OREGON.—All deer, Feb. 1 to July 1. All broad-bill ducks, April 1 to Aug. 1; grouse, sage hens, April 1 to June 15, prairie chickens, March 1 to July 1; quails, April 1 to Aug. 1.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—All kinds of deer, Feb. 1 to Aug. 1; all grouse, Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; quails till Oct. 1, 1878.

NEBRASKA.—Buffaloes, elk, mountain sheep, and all deer and antelopes, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1. All wild birds except water fowl, waders and woodcocks are altogether protected.

CARRIE.—W. T. Irwin's Carrie has whelped seven—two dogs and five bitches—sired by Jesse Sherwood's champion Rupert. They are all nicely marked, black and tan. One of the bitches has since died.

BINDERS.—Those who desire to preserve their copies of the *CHICAGO FIELD* can be supplied by us with Emerson's patent binders. Price in paper, \$1.25; cloth, \$1.50; leather and cloth, \$1.75.

LIVE QUAILS.—If any of our friends have any live quails they do not want we would like to get them for the purpose of stocking some grounds.

NOTICE.—The *CHICAGO FIELD* is \$4 a year, \$2 for six months, and \$1 for three months—strictly in advance.

*Paleontological Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 580.

†"Calcutta Journal Nat. Hist.," vol. II., p. 535, pl. xx.

‡I shall be very grateful if any traveler in the district here indicated will confirm, or otherwise, the names and localities here given, some of which are not well substantiated. Native hunters are apt to coin names for animals; so it is requisite, therefore, to have their appellations confirmed by other evidence in the district frequented by the game.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1878.

Bench Shows.

Western Penn. Poultry Society Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 17 to 21. Entries close Jan. 15. C. B. Elben, Sec'y.
Meadville, Pet Stock Association Bench Show, Meadville, Pa., Jan. 25 to 29. W. A. Logan, Sec'y.
St. Louis Bench Show, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22. Entries close Feb. 5.
Boston Kennel Club show, Boston, Mass., March, —, Dr. E. J. Foster, Secretary.
The Westminster Kennel Club (New York) Bench Show, Gilmore's Garden, May 16, 17, 18 and 19. Dr. W. Seward Webb, Sec'y.
Baltimore Kennel Club's show, Baltimore, Md., April 23, 24, 25 and 26. L. E. Cassard, Sec'y.

Field Trials.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association Field Trials, Nashville Dec. 2. H. C. Pritchett, Sec.

The Spike Collar Question.

BY ARNOLD BURGESS.

Inasmuch as our former article, advocating the spike collar, has provoked several criticisms from our correspondent "Kit Killbird," we feel bound to defend our position lest we be accused of blindly leading our friends into a ditch or leaving them to flounder in a quagmire of false principles and worse practices. We do not, as K. K. asserts, make "arbitrary decisions," but only offer through these columns the result of our experience, in the hope that they may be of use to some of your readers. We know that those results have not been gained by a few trials, but by many years' practical test, and we believe in all sincerity that any one who will give our theories a fair, unprejudiced trial will achieve the same success we have won by them to be satisfied of their soundness.

K. K. indulges in considerable sentiment over the cruelty of the spike collar, and declares it unfitted for general use on this ground, we have heard other men deprecate all punishment in dog training, and urge moral suasion as the only proper agent. There is no question that men of evil passions or overquick tempers can make any course a cruel one, and it was with this knowledge before us that we wrote in favor of the collar, for we firmly believe that it is the least cruel and most effective agent for the great majority of trainers, and especially for those of little experience, the very class most liable to loss of temper and resort to harshness. Our reason for this opinion is, that even in the hands of totally inexperienced men, those who have only the printed directions to guide them, the spike collar compels obedience so certainly and quickly, that occasions for anger and impatience will be far more rare than under any other system. To the average man nothing is more provoking than just such refusal as K. K. speaks of in Brunette's case, and for one trainer, who like him, keeps his temper, twenty will punish the pupil for disobedience, and if time permits continue the punishment till either obedience is obtained or the dog is forever frightened by violence. K. K. may say such men are not fit to break dogs. This may be true in the abstract, but hundreds of such men now attempt training, and as the interest in field matters grows, many hundreds of others will make the same essay, and we submit that if an instrument exists by which prompt obedience can be obtained, in the majority of cases that instrument is in the aggregate more merciful than others which, not possessing equal compelling power, afford more chances for the awakening of a breaker's passion.

It is no argument against the spike collar that dogs are broken without it. Hundreds of such cases occur every year. Some men have systems of their own; we ourselves have one which K. K. would doubtless call even more cruel, but be this as it may we have broken many dogs by it, and made them life-long perfect retrievers in six hours from the first attempt. This system is essentially a forcing one, yet we never had a dog made timid by it, nor have we ever seen one made timid by the spike collar, and as many of the systems we refer to are, like our own, secrets and consequently not available to the public, we have advocated the collar which all may use, and which we know will do all that any system can do, though perhaps not so quickly as some.

K. K. speaks in glowing terms of Brunette's retrieving, though she refused to bring in her early lessons. If we are to understand by this that he thinks he can teach all dogs to retrieve without resort to force, he is either mistaken or a man whose power to control transcends that of all the breakers we have known and talked with. We have broken many dogs, and we have discussed breaking time and again with the most successful handlers of dogs, men against whom no charge of inhumanity can justly be brought, and all have agreed with us that the only true principle to work upon is that of compelling perfect obedience. K. K. may be satisfied to allow his dogs to refuse to bring, depending upon their complying at another time with his wishes; he may even be particular enough to make such a dog retrieve later, but such a system will not do for us, and we think if he extends his experience far enough he will find it will not do for him, in some instances at least. Our dogs are as affectionate and as confiding with us as with other men, but we have no dog that we call broken which does not know that he or she must obey our order, whether or no "this thing is getting to be a nuisance."

In again recommending the spike collar to the public we believe we are doing a kind act to the canine world. We have used it for years in all breaking save that of retrieving, and we know that it is effective and not cruel. Men may abuse it, but such would abuse any system, and in such cases the fault is not in the principle but the practitioner.

Breeding, Etc.

BY W. H. HOLABIRD.

I was "exceeding sorrowful" when I read in your last issue of the death of Floss, Rill and Phyllis, three bitches of as much promise one seldom sees, and more rarely owns. I have known of this family for a year or more, and early last Spring, purchased of Mr. Dew a litter sister to Rill, and called her Bonnie Eloise; a darling she was too. I never dreamed that there was so much intelligence in a dog's cranium. Pretty, beyond description, and loving as a woman. Having an opportunity to dispose of a brace to a gentleman in Shreveport, La., I sold her and a dog pup by Burges' champion Rob Roy, out of my Queen Blanche she by Brook's Bismarck. Just before her shipment she had a violent attack of distemper, and carrying her through it, I saw her so recovered as to consider it safe to ship her to Mr. Elstner, and I have lately learned that poor Bonnie is in a very critical condition, having been attacked by "chorea," and it is feared she will die, and thus make the fourth of a list of remarkable young dogs. I have had my opinion as to the constitutional effects of in-breeding—strengthened by the death of these dogs—and while one in ten may mature and develop into strong animals, the other nine die before reaching the age of one year.

I believe there is no dog equal to the pure English setter, in everything tending to make a first-class field dog, save physical constitution, and if we get that, it must be by crossing the *Field Trial* with our best native stock, and I firmly believe that the coming dog is that cross. The native must be of good strain and of authentic pedigree for at least six generations, and it may not be the first or the second generation of this cross that will give us the dog we western sportsmen want, but it is as sure in the third generation, as that two and two make four. A finer pup than Peter-the-Great, sold with Bonnie, I never saw and never expect to see, and his dam, as I have already stated, was by old Bismarck and out of an imported bitch. I am aware that true blue blood sells best, and it would be far more profitable to breeders, if the breeding in-an-in were kept up, as the country would never be overstocked as I have already intimated the estimate of deaths from lack of constitution to throw off disease. I have had no more distemper in my kennel, although Bonnie was not separated from the rest. I began the use of "garlic," and a more active, healthy lot of pups one seldom sees or owns. I had a very pleasant visit in Rutland, Vt., Christmas week, with Dr. Goldsmith, who imported the celebrated Plunket; and with Mr. Everts, who planted the migratory quails in Vermont last season. Rutland is nestled in among the Green Mountains and shooting is not good—a few ruffed grouse and snipes—but one cannot talk long with Mr. Everts without seeing vast millions of his migratory quails covering the hills and filling the houses, the freight trains and the air itself in the near future. The estimates made by this gentleman are simply enormous. He could start (in five years, I think,) his quails on a journey around the world and they would make the circuit and the leader return before the last were off on their journey. Well, I had rather have one enthusiastic sportsman who will do something than one thousand who see obstacles in the way whenever anything is talked of that involves risk. I firmly believe that the migratory quails introduced by Mr. Everts will inside of ten years afford the best of sport in the New England and Middle States; and Dr. Goldsmith, who is an ardent angler, assures me that since the new law for protection of game and fish—which was passed in 1876—went into effect, the increase in trout in the brooks of Vermont is simply wonderful. The law seems to be strong and to have been enforced.

Mr. S. B. Pettingill, editor of the *Rutland Herald*, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and placed me under obligations to him during my brief stay. I leave for the South at an early date, and will try and write you occasionally during my absence.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Jan. 15, 1877.

The Modern Field Spaniel.

BY STONEHENGE in London Field.

(ASSISTED BY MR. LORT, MR. W. W. BOULTON, AND OTHER EXPERIENCED BREEDERS.)

Among the earliest records of venery in England, the spaniel is alluded to as used for hawking and netting, and he claims with the greyhound, the bulldog, and the mastiff, the honor of having been the first of his species introduced into this country. I do not pretend to settle this moot point; but there can be no doubt that in this century he is remarkable among his compeers for tenderness of nose, high intelligence, devotion to his master, pluck, stamina, and perseverance in the pursuit of his game. Possessed of these high qualities, he is not only useful as a "dog of all work," but he is also a sagacious and faithful companion. Nevertheless, for some years past the spaniel has been supplanted in general estimation by the pointer, setter, or terrier, partly owing to the superior speed of the first two better suited our modern ideas, and partly also to the fact that the terrier will not only hunt game, but vermin, about which the spaniel is comparatively indifferent. Still, there are many excellent sportsmen who adhere to the spaniel, and who use nothing else for beating hedgerows, small coverts, and even turnips or clover, where, of course, this dog is kept constantly within range of the gun by careful breaking. In our modern farming, the large enclosures and the very thin fences which are its distinguishing features, also lessen his utility; and even in Wales, Devonshire and Norfolk—each of which districts used formerly to possess its peculiar breed—spaniels are comparatively rare, and these three strains are no longer to be met with in a typical form. There is, however, one kind of game, the woodcock, which still demands a couple or leash of spaniels; and "cock-shooting" being highly valued, a few good sportsmen, for this and other reasons, have recently done their best to improve the breeding of this dog, in externals as well as utility.

In the early days of dog shows Mr. F. Burdett, the secretary of the Birmingham dog show, and in fact its prime mover, possesses a breed of black cockers, collected in the neighborhood of Lutterworth, where they were bred by an old family of the name of Footman. They were unrivalled in appearance as well as at work, taking every prize for which they competed. Mr. Burdett's early death, however, caused their distribution, and the best specimens passed into the hands of Mr. Jones, of Oscott, and Mr. Phineas Bullock, of Bilton, the latter of whom has crossed them with the Sussex, and apparently with the water-spaniel. In the last ten years he has almost monopolized the prizes in the spaniel classes, and without doubt he has deserved his success. I regret that I am unable to present to the readers of *The Field* a portrait of any of his dogs, having in vain applied to him for the necessary facilities; but the omission is of the less consequence, because he has gradually introduced so much Sussex blood into the old strain that the produce are almost exactly of that type, with the single exception of the head; and for the illustration of the pure Sussex I prefer the original selection, as represented by Mr. Soames's George. In order to obtain the genuine field spaniel other than Sussex or Clumber, I have consequently been obliged to look outside Mr. P. Bullock's kennel, and have fortunately discovered the very best specimen I have ever seen in the possession of Mr. W. Gillett, of Hull, together with his dam, the former bred by Mr. W. W. Boulton, of Beverly, whose portraits are given with this article, associating with them a little old-fashioned cocker bitch, bred by Mr. Lort, to serve as a contrast. Brush, the young dog above alluded to, has all the bone, symmetry, and quality of Mr. Bullock's dogs, with a flatter, softer, and more silky coat, and without the heavy ears, which are, in my opinion, faults in the Bilton kennel. His ears are of the true spaniel type, lobular in shape without being too heavy, and he has plenty of feather for his age, whilst his middle only requires another six months to be perfect. As to his head, legs, and feet, I have never seen them equaled, and his colour is the finest jet black, with a most beautiful polish. Nell shows signs of age, and has too much ear for my taste; but her success on the show bench qualifies her for her position in the group. As to Ladybird, I have selected her as the type of a working hedgerow spaniel. She is about 18lb. in weight, with excellent legs and feet, and ears not likely to get in her way in pushing through the brambles or gorse. She was bred by Mr. Lort, and combines the Burdett and Lort strains with other old ones unknown to fame.

THE MODERN COCKER.

The above heading includes every kind of field spaniel except the Sussex and Clumber, and it is therefore necessary to allude

to the Norfolk spaniel as well as the Welsh and Devon cocker. The Norfolk spaniel is still to be found scattered throughout the country, and is generally of a liver and white color, sometimes black and white, and rarely lemon and white; usually a good deal ticked with color in the white. Higher on the leg than the Clumber or the Sussex, he is generally more active than either, sometimes almost rivaling the setter in lightness of frame, his ears are long, lobular, and heavily feathered, and he is a very useful dog when thoroughly broken, but he is apt to be too wild in his behavior and too wide in his range until he has had a longer drill than most sportsmen can afford, and in retrieving he is often hard-mouthed. When thoroughly broken, however, he is an excellent aid to the gun; but he is so intermixed with other breeds that it is impossible to select any particular specimen as the true type. With regard to the Welsh and Devon cocker of former times, they are now scarcely to be met with in a state of purity and of the regulation size (20lb. to 25lb.); most of them have been crossed with the springer, or by improved management have been raised in weight to 30lb. at the least, which militates against their use in some coverts; and in a vast majority of teams the modern field spaniel must be regarded as more like the springer than the cocker. The Welsh and Devon cockers are both liver-colored, not of the Sessex golden hue, but of a dead true liver color. Their ears are not too large for work, and on the show bench would by many judges be considered too small; but they are always lobular, without the slightest tendency to a vine shape. Throughout the country there are numberless breeds of cockers of all colors, varying from white, black, or liver to red and white, lemon and white, liver and white, and black and white. Ladybird is nearly all red, but she comes of strains usually all liver or all black.

The modern field spaniel should be the best made "all-round" shooting dog of the day, for he is expected to perform equally well on land and on the water, in covert, hedgerow, or turnips. He is also called on to retrieve, whilst he must be thoroughly steady, reliable under all circumstances, however trying to his nature, and he must never tire. In order to obtain this marvelous combination of powers and varied qualifications, our modern breeders have crossed the old-fashioned cocker with the Sussex, and then, by careful selection as to size, points, and color, they have established a breed, of which Brush may be taken as the type in its best form.

The following is the numerical allotment of the

POINTS OF THE FIELD SPANIEL.			
	Value.		Value.
1 Head	15	4 Chest, back, and loins ..	20
2 Ears	5	5 Length	5
3 Neck	5	6 Legs	10
		7 Feet	10
	25		45
		Total—100.	30

1. The head (value 15) should be long, with a marked "stop," but still only gradually rising from the nose, and the occipital protuberance well defined. Nose long and broad, without any tendency to the snipe form. Eye expressive, soft, and gentle, but not too full or watery.

2. The ear (v. 5) should be set on low down, lobular in shape, not over-long in the leather, or too heavily clothed with feather, which should always be wavy and free from ringlets.

3. The neck (v. 5) should be long enough to allow the nose to reach the ground easily, strong and arched, coming easily out of well-shaped shoulders.

4. Chest, back, and loin (v. 20). The chest should be deep, and with a good girth; back and loin full of muscle, and running well into one another, with wide couplings and well-turned hind quarters.

5. The length (v. 5) of the spaniel should be rather more than twice his height at the shoulder.

6. The legs (v. 10) must be full of bone and straight; elbows neither in nor out; quarters full of muscle, and stifles strong, but not very much bent.

7. The feet (v. 10) are round and cat-like, well clothed with hair between the toes, and the pads furnished with very thick horn.

8. The color (v. 5) preferred is a brilliant black, but in the best strains of the dog an occasional liver or red puppy will appear.

9. The coat (v. 10) is flat, slightly wavy, soft and silky; the legs are well fringed or feathered like the setter, as also are the ears; there must be no topknot or curl between the eyes, indicating a cross of the water spaniel.

10. The tail (v. 10), which is always cropped short, must have a downward carriage, and should not be set on too high.

11. The symmetry (v. 5) of the spaniel is considerable, and any departure from it should be penalised accordingly.

Mr. Gillett's Brush, who has never been exhibited, is by Boulton's Rolf out of Gillett's Nell; Rolf by Boulton's Beaver (4408) out of his Runic; Beaver by Boulton's Bruce (4412) out of Nell; Runic by Rex, brother to Rhea (2228), out of Boulton's Fan. Mr. Gillett's Nell is of the Burdett strain, but her pedigree is not well made out. While the property of Mr. Boulton, she took the first prize at Manchester and Stockton-on-Tees, and since she changed hands she has been several times exhibited, and always with success. Mr. Boulton's Ladybird is by a black Burdett dog out of a bitch by Withington's Dash out of Lort's Fan. She has only been exhibited once, when she won the first prize at Whitley in 1876. Since the above was written, I understand she has been purchased by Mr. A. W. Langdale, of Scarborough.

THE SUSSEX SPANIEL.

Until the year 1872, Sussex spaniels were never distinguished as a separate class at any of our shows, being admitted only as "other than Clumber," or as "large spaniels." In that year, however, the committee of the Crystal Palace show instituted a special prize for the Sussex breed, and their example was followed in October at Nottingham, where the puce-colored Rufus, bred by Mr. Beesly, defeated Mr. P. Bullock's George, so named from his resemblance to the dog selected by me in 1860 as the type of the breed. Mr. Soames's George has never yet been surpassed, as far as my opinion and observation go, and I shall therefore retain his portrait as efficiently representing the true type of the Sussex spaniel.

Until the above-mentioned constitution of a distinct class under the name "Sussex," it was of course impossible to criticise the various liver-colored spaniels exhibited, excepting generally; but almost as soon as the opportunity was thus given it was taken advantage of, and in 1874-5 a host of letters appeared in *The Field* on this subject, under the signatures of C. B. Hodgson, J. Blade, "Castra," "Ruthwell," J. Farrow, J. H. Salter, W. W. Boulton, "Sussex," Phineas Bullock, J. Hughes, and R. Marchant, with a view to show not only that a dog must himself possess a proper liver color to constitute him a Sussex spaniel, but he must also be descended from parents of that hue. In illustration of this argument, it was proved under protest at Birmingham in 1874 that Mr. Phineas Bullock's George, though himself exhibiting the proper color and shape of the Sussex breed, was by his cele-

*NOTE.—These dogs were published in the last issue of the *CHICAGO FIELD*, but by mistake only a portion of this article, the one referring to Clumber spaniels was published.

brated Bob, who was of a rich black color. The result was that George was from that time withdrawn from the Sussex classes at the chief shows; and it has been since held that the objection was valid. It may be remembered that a portrait of this dog was published in *The Field* in 1872 as a Sussex spaniel, which he closely resembled in appearance; and, though his pedigree was given in the catalogue of the Crystal Palace show, it did not strike me that his sire (the well-known Bob) was black, as was afterwards brought out.

From the year 1872 special classes have been given to the Sussex spaniel at most of our large shows, and in nearly every case a dog with a golden liver coat, or a reasonable approximation to this, has been selected for premier honors; but still I have reason to believe that a good many of the prize winners have been crossed with extraneous strains, and that there are very few really pure specimens of the genuine Sussex spaniel in existence. In 1859, when I published in "The Dog in Health and Disease" the portraits of Mr. Soames' George and Rump, from the Roschill kennels, it was so rare that many good sportsmen had never heard of its existence, and for several years I looked in vain through the various shows for another good specimen of it. At the early Birmingham shows Mr. F. Burdett's blacks were in fashion; and on his death Mr. Jones, of Oscott, took possession of the show bench with his Bob, a son of Burdett's dog of the same name. Soon after this Mr. Phineas Bullock came to the fore with dogs descended from the same strains, and without any infusion, as far as I know, of the real Sussex spaniel—at all events, not for some years. After a time Mr. Bowers, of Chester, obtained a dog (Buckingham) and two or three bitches of the Roschill strain; and Mr. J. A. Salter, of Tolleshunt D'Arcy, in Essex, also purchased Chance and Chloe, of pure old Sussex blood. Dr. Williams, of Hayward's Heath, Sussex, possesses a bitch from which I believe he has bred some good puppies. Mr. Marchant, of Dartford; the Rev. W. Shield, of Kirkby Lonsdale; Mr. H. B. Spurgin, of Northampton, and Mr. A. W. Lonsdale, of Bishop's Stortford, also have the breed; but beyond this short list I am unable to go, though no doubt there are others with which I am unacquainted.

In work the Sussex spaniel is somewhat faster, and certainly more lasting and persevering, than the Clumber, from whom he also differs in possessing a peculiarly full and bell-like tongue, though still somewhat sharp in note. He is by no means noisy, except when first entered to his game, and it is easy to distinguish by his tongue whether he is on "fur" or "feather." He is readily taught to retrieve with a soft mouth, but there is sometimes a slight tendency to sulk, and he certainly is not so easily kept under command as the Clumber; but for hard work he beats that dog altogether, and is rarely gun-shy. As compared with the indefinite strains of liver-colored spaniels of such symmetry as to be exhibited at our shows, but descended from Mr. Burdett's Bob and other black dogs, I have no reason to think that the real Sussex is in any way superior to them, either in the field or on the show bench, if judged without regard to purity of blood; and if a class were made for "liver-colored spaniels" without designating them as "Sussex," I can see no reason to believe that the first prize would of necessity go to either of the gentlemen above-named. Classes for "Gordon" setters are now abandoned, on account of the difficulty in defining that dog; and I am by no means sure that it is not desirable to follow this example in reference to the Sussex spaniel, as was to some extent done at the last Brighton show, when a class was formed for "golden-livered Sussex spaniels." But even then a dog of the true "golden" color, if proved to be descended from a black strain, would be open to disqualification. Clearly, however, the color alone is no mark of purity, as was proved in the case of Mr. Phineas Bullock's George above mentioned; and, indeed, I know no breed of dogs in which color alone can be relied on. The standard points of the Sussex spaniel may be estimated as follows:

VALUE OF POINTS IN THE SUSSEX SPANIEL.

Value.	Value.	Value.
1. Skull.....15	5. Neck.....5	8. Legs and feet.....10
2. Eyes.....5	6. Shoulders and chest.....10	9. Tail.....10
3. Nose.....10	7. Back and back ribs.....10	10. Color.....10
4. Ears.....5		11. Coat.....5
		12. Symmetry.....5
35	25	40
	Total—100.	

- The skull (value 15) should be long, and also wide, with a deep indentation in the middle, and a full stop, projecting well over the eyes; occiput full, but not pointed; the whole giving an appearance of heaviness without dullness.
- The eyes (v. 5) are full, soft, and languishing, but not watering so as to stain the coat.
- The nose (v. 10) should be long (3in. to 3½in.) and broad, the end liver-colored, with large, open nostrils.
- The ears (v. 5) are moderately long and lobe-shaped—that is to say, narrow at the junction with the head, wider in the middle, and rounded below, not pointed. They should be well clothed with soft wavy and silky hair, but not heavily loaded with it.
- The neck (v. 5) is rather short, strong, and slightly arched, but not carrying the head much above the level of the back. There is no throatiness in the skin, but a well-marked frill in the coat.
- Shoulders and chest (v. 10).—The chest is round, especially behind the shoulders, and moderately deep, giving a good girth. It narrows at the shoulders, which are consequently oblique, though strong, with full points, long arms, and elbows well let down, and these last should not be turned out or in.
- Back and back ribs (v. 10).—The back or loin is long, and should be very muscular both in width and depth. For this latter development the back ribs must be very deep. The whole body is characterised as low, long, and strong.
- Legs and feet (v. 10).—Owing to the width of chest, the fore legs of the Sussex spaniel are often bowed; but it is a defect notwithstanding, though not a serious one. The arms and thighs must be bony as well as muscular; knees and hocks large, wide and strong; pasterns very short and bony; feet round, and toes well arched and clothed thickly with hair. The fore legs should be well feathered all down, and the hind ones also above the hocks, but should not have much hair below that point.
- The tail (v. 10) is generally cropped, and should be thickly clothed with hair, but not with long feather. The true spaniel's low carriage of the tail at work is well marked in this breed.
- The color (v. 10) of the Sussex is a well-marked but not exactly rich golden liver, on which there is often a washed-out look that detracts from its richness. This color is often met with in other breeds, however, and is no certain sign of purity in the Sussex spaniel.
- The coat (v. 5) is wavy without any curl, abundant, silky, and soft.
- The symmetry (v. 5) of the Sussex spaniel is not very marked; but he should not be devoid of this quality.

Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar's Defense of Snapshot.

WARREN, Mass., Dec. 21, 1877.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—We notice in your issue of the 15th inst. some remarks about our pointer, Snapshot, which are as false

as they are malignant. We had thought it best not to notice them, considering it beneath us to do so, but upon further consideration have concluded such a course would but lead to further abuse of the dog.

We well know that you being an entire stranger to us have no personal feeling and neither have we any, but we do think that part of your antipathy to Snapshot is caused by his having until recently been owned by a rival editor. You have a perfect right to think and say that he (Snapshot) was not entitled to first prize in the champion class at New York (perhaps he was not); we claim he was, and are borne out in thinking so by the judge of that class, in whose opinion we have more confidence than in yours, which we have a perfect right to do. No doubt the owners of the several fine animals which were adjudged inferior to Snapshot, most of them being Western gentlemen and supporters of your paper are made happy by the attacks on a much superior dog, and this perhaps stimulates you to further efforts in that direction. We have always thought that a bench show held by so powerful, honest and influential a club as that which governed the exhibition in New York last May was decisive, and we so regard it now. Our dog won first in champion pointer class at New York, honestly and fairly, judged as any class, because he was a better dog than the others. The judge then was borne out in this decision by other prominent authorities, who awarded him 1st at Birmingham, 1869; 2d, Crystal Palace, 1872; 1st champion class, Wolverhampton, 1874—1876, and we believe some other prominent points; these being all we at present recollect. As to his being at Syracuse we knew nothing of it before seeing the article alluded to. But enough of this; the part of your statement so far alluded to will in no way prejudice people who knew the dog. We bought him for our own purposes, and shall allow him but few bitches (and those only of the best class); we have, since buying him, been offered a large advance on the price paid, but the dog is not for sale, neither will he be.

He is the best pointer we could find according to our notion, and eminent judges in Europe recommended us to buy him. We are satisfied with him; he stands to-day the champion dog of the United States, if not the world, judged in the largest bench show ever held, at least in America, and this endorses our opinion.

As to his being mangy, will say he is in elegant condition as to health, and, although somewhat old, appears as young as any dog we ever owned; not the slightest trace or indication of mange whatever can be found, and any one who asserts he was mangy at Philadelphia, asserts what is entirely false in every particular. And as to the Westminster Kennel Club admitting a mangy dog to their exhibition, will say the idea or thought is ridiculously absurd and foolish, and beneath the notice of any one who knows the gentlemen at the head of that body of gentlemanly sportsmen.

LINCOLN & HILLYAR

[Being always willing to do justice to each and every one, we publish the above defense of Snapshot by his owners, Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar, and regret that want of space alone prevented us from doing so before. While doing so, however, we take occasion to correct the errors these gentlemen have fallen into and the delusions under which they are evidently laboring.]

In the first place we decline the rivalry they accredit us with, and will, moreover, inform Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar that, in our criticisms of dogs, we criticise the dogs, not the owners. A dog belonging to our most pronounced enemy would receive at our hands the same justice as would that of our warmest friend. We never strike the owner through his dog. To do otherwise would be to blunt our criticisms. A very inferior specimen of a man might own a very superior specimen of a dog, and vice versa. But supposing such a thing possible, the fact that Snapshot had changed owners, would have certainly removed the cause of our criticising him adversely, since he no longer belonged to a "rival editor." Moreover, if Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar will refer to our report of the New York dog show, they will find we there stated that worse judging we had never seen than in awarding him the prize in the champion pointer class, as we regarded him inferior to Dilley's Ranger, Strong's Pete, Steel's Flake, Sherwood's Sancho, and Sterling's Sleaford. We, moreover, commented severely on the Westminster Kennel Club for a violation of the National American Kennel Club's rules in admitting the dog in the mangy condition he was. The dog then belonged to Mr. Lloyd Price and not to a "rival editor;" nor did we for one moment anticipate that the "rival editor" would purchase him, nor, indeed, any one else. As to the class having been as fairly judged as any other class in the show, we will not discuss, but that Snapshot won because he was a better dog we most positively deny; and if Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar do not know it we will inform them that the award to Snapshot gave almost universal dissatisfaction, and called forth the most unfavorable criticism of the judge. Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar will note that, of the five dogs, we mentioned then by name, and referred to in our comments of the 15th Dec., two are owned in the East—Strong's Pete, at West Meriden, Conn., and Steele's Flake, at Piermont on the Hudson, N. Y. And, as the gentlemen seem to labor under an impression regarding the circulation and position of the CHICAGO FIELD as erroneous as that about Snapshot, we will inform them that the CHICAGO FIELD has as large a support in the East as any other sportsman's paper published—none excepted. The CHICAGO FIELD is published for and receives its support from the Sportsmen of America, North, East, South and West.

To suppose the decision at the New York bench show to be "decisive" is an assumption not sustained by fact. Neither are the previous winnings of the dog at English bench shows corroborative of the judge's decision at the New York show, for the judges in England may have erred, as the judge did at New York; and also our pointers are equal to any that can be brought from England. Those whose opinions are entitled to weight, who have visited the English shows, have found that out.

As to the condition of the dog at the Philadelphia show, we personally know not, and gave our authority for the statement. His condition at the New York show we do know was mangy, a fact which we can find any number of competent judges to substantiate, and which is not controverted by Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar's assumption that it is "absurd and foolish," to suppose that the Westminster Kennel Club would admit to their exhibition a mangy dog; for these gentlemen must know now, as they evidently did not before, that the very large majority of the members of the Westminster Kennel Club, at the time of their show, were novices on subjects pertaining to the dog; and with the exception of Dr. Webb, we are satisfied there was not a member who knew a mangy dog when he saw it; and Dr. Webb, while thoroughly versed on such subjects and really possessing the "dog knowledge" of the club, had nothing to do with the reception of the dogs. We, no more than Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar, imagine the club would knowingly admit a dog so diseased, but ascribe it to the real cause, lack of knowledge.

That we "have no personal feeling" in the matter, Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar are correct, indeed, the only correct deduction in their communication, for we had no other object than, by stating the breeding to a diseased dog. We are pleased to hear that the dog is not now afflicted with mange, and also that Messrs. Lincoln & Hillyar are so well satisfied with their purchase.—ED.]

NOTICE.—The CHICAGO FIELD is \$4 a year, \$2 for six months, and \$1 for three months—strictly in advance.

The Otter Hound.

BY "STONEHENGE," IN *London Field*.

This hound, by an oversight, was entirely overlooked in the last edition of the "Dogs of the British Islands," although there are few breeds of a more distinct character and type. Packs of these hounds possess a great advantage in being able to show sport during the Summer, and by some it is alleged that otter hunting and angling may be made to dovetail with each other on alternate days of the week; but this is scarcely practicable, inasmuch as the artificial preservation of the otter, which is necessary for finding him before the hunt, is antagonistic to the preservation of the fish on which he wastefully feeds. The angler consequently shows him no mercy, and on "good rivers" the appearance of an otter is the signal for a foray against him with gun, trap, and spear. In Cumberland, Devonshire, and some parts of Wales, there are, however, many large brooks and embryo rivers, where the fish run too small for good sport with the rod, and yet afford the otter sufficient food. Here hunting him is prosecuted with great zest, and no one can possibly object to such an amount of preservation as will not supply the adjacent districts with more than a casual visitor, whose appearance is soon signaled to the master of the nearest pack, and a short shift is given him when once his "spraint" is discovered there.

The otter hound is no doubt a lineal descendant of the southern hound, with his coat roughened by a long process of selection and careful breeding. He evidently has not been crossed with any breed other than hound, or he would have lost some one or more of the characteristics peculiar to the hunting dog, either in shape of body, length of ear, style of hunting, or tongue. In all these qualities he is a southern hound to the letter, with the addition of a rough coat, the history of which is not known. In many cases a pure fox-hound has been used with success against the otter, and, as far as the mere hunting goes, he fulfils the task set him admirably; but it has always been found that in a very short time the wet tells on him, and he either becomes rheumatic or is attacked by disease of the chest in some shape. It is not the long hair of the true otter-hound which saves him from these penalties, but the thick woolly under-coat, with which he is furnished for the same purpose as in the colley and Dandie Dinmont terrier. He also strongly resembles the southern hound in his style of hunting, which is low and slow, but very sure, his nose being of the tenderest kind, and often owning an air bubble or "vent" at the distance of some yards. Like him, he is apt to sit down on his haunches and throw his tongue with delight at first touching on a scent, as is shown in the engraving, in a most characteristic manner. Packs of otter-hounds are kept at Carlisle by Mr. Carrick; in Northumberland, near Morpeth, by Mr. A. Fenwick; and at Cocker-mouth by a committee. In South Wales, Col. Pryse and Mr. Moore have each a pack; while in England the Hon. Geoffrey Hill hunts the otter from his kennels at Hawkeston, Salop, and Mr. Collier's from Culmstock, near Wellington. In the West, Mr. Cheritan and Mr. Mildmay also pursue the sport.

The points of the otter-hound are like those of the bloodhound given in *The Field* of May 12, except as to the coat, which should be composed of hard and long hair, somewhat rough in its lying, and mixed with a short, woolly undercoat, which serves to keep the body warm even when wetted by long immersion. The color differs also, in not being confined to black and tan or tan—the former, however, being often met with, as in the case of Mr. Carrick's Stanley, whose portrait accompanies this article. This dog is of a grizzled black and tan color, and of a very fine shape both in head and body. He is by Mr. Carrick's Ringwood out of his Glory, and took several first prizes at Glasgow, Birmingham, and Nottingham in 1872-3.

WARWICK REPLIES TO MR. WHITMAN.—New York, Jan. 2, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—In your issue of Dec. 22, I noticed Mr. Whitman's reply to my letter regarding his Irish setter Ranger. In my letter I stated that Lill II., Ranger's dam, was by Brennan's Rap out of Jephson's Belle. Upon referring to it again I find that I was wrong, Lill II. being by Cooper's Ranger out of Jephson's Belle, the mistake having occurred in this wise: In looking over some letters that I had received from Idstone, Jr., he informed me that his father had sold Shamrock, by Brennan's Rap, out of Jephson's Belle, to the King of Italy, and I accidentally got Shamrock and Lill II. mixed. In this connection allow me to ask what dog does Idstone refer to in his book on the dog, page 108, where he says, speaking of Bob: "The winner of the first prize at the Dublin show was next to him (meaning Bob) but nothing equal to him in any way, being apparently bred from a black and tan strain. I imply this from his color in which I could detect black shadows, when my attention was called to this defect in his color by an eminent judge and breeder of these setters." I may be mistaken, but as Idstone's work was published in 1872, and the winner of the first prize at Dublin in that year, was Cooper's Ranger, it points very much to that dog as being the one referred to. Now in regard to your correspondent's red Irish setter—Ranger. In his letter he quotes portions of a letter that he received from Mr. Henry Jephson, the breeder of the said Ranger. In said letter Mr. Jephson states: "Larry, great grandsire, was a black setter of a celebrated breed in Scotland. I bred from Larry believing him to be the best sire I could get and did not mind the black strain as it had been quite crossed out in Larry." Now, Mr. Editor, I shall avail myself of the same privilege and quote portions of a letter received some time since from Mr. Barton, the breeder of Larry, the sire of the above mentioned Ranger. "I had to breed from the black Scotch setter, as on my return from abroad, I found the only bitch I had left, an old one, just going out of season, and rather than lose the breed gave her the black setter." This is, in regard to breeding, new to me; rather than lose the breed (Irish) introduced an entirely different strain (Scotch). Mr. Jephson also states in his letter the black strain as having been quite crossed out in Larry. Stonehenge, generally conceded to be one of the best living authorities on dog matters, quite disagrees with Mr. Jephson's, and in his work on the dog, page 172, uses the following language: "Yet it is clearer that not only do the sire and dam effect the progeny but also the grandsires and granddams on both sides; and still further than this up to the sixth and perhaps the seventh generation." The black strain in Ranger extends to the fifth generation only. Your correspondent also asks if I can give the pedigree of any Irish setter as far back and as pure as Ranger. I think I can, and with your permission, will name Plunket, as he is best known and can be traced back by others than myself. In Plunket's pedigree we trace it back through Hutchinson's Bob to La Touche's Ranger, which if I mistake not, makes the fifth generation. Hutchinson, in the *Field*, some twelve years since, published a letter which he had received from one of the La Touche family, who states that he has known the breed for thirty-five years, and that Mr. Robert La Touche got it from his wife's grandfather, Mr. Maurice O'Connor, how far back that extends your readers can judge as well as myself; much further back, I think, than 1842.

We will now, if you please, refer to Hutchinson's Judy, the granddam of his Bob, by La Touche's Ranger, she straining back to Dyce's Dan, and quoting a letter now before me, the writer states "that he was of the purest strain, which he got from La Touche

and he in turn from the O'Connors, which was one of the oldest strains in Ireland." It may be said that possibly Plunket may have other blood than the Irish in himself. Very true, it may be so, but we do not know it, and fail to find it; but in Ranger's case it is different, the black strain is there, and pointed out, and now Mr. Editor, I wish it distinctly understood, that it is not my wish nor intention to underrate Mr. Whitman's dog, on the contrary, I think he is well bred; but being a well bred Irish setter, and the best bred Irish setter in America, there is a vast difference, and I trust that Mr. Whitman will receive this letter in the same kindly spirit as it is written. Allow me also to add that I am not at all interested in Plunket nor any of his get, the only time I saw him was at our late New York show, and I must say that I was not very favorably impressed, being too small and light in color for my choice. Nor am I, as they call it, dog-fishing, as I have already a brace of Irish setters, one of which I received some few weeks since from a celebrated kennel in Ireland, and his breaker informs me that he is all that can be desired in his field work, and with a remarkably fine nose.

Hope that you will pardon me for taking up so much of your space.

WARWICK.

P. S.—Perhaps your correspondent "Mont Clare," can tell us how far he can trace the strain of his Rose, recently imported from Mr. Cecil Moore.

A GOOD WORD FOR CAMPBELL AND A DESERVED RAP AT GRABBERS.—Stamford, Conn., Dec. 24, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—A small party from this place, made a short visit to the Muskingum Valley, Ohio, a short time since, to have a little hunt for quails. Of course a party could not go from this place for such a purpose without Gillespie, with some specimens from his Silver Strain Kennel, and Van Derwerken, with his natives which are well known in this vicinity. Mr. Hurd, our special artist, was also along, and your humble servant, who helped to form the quartet.

The writer met a brace of Irish setters out there which had been in the hands of that veteran sportsman, G. W. Campbell, of Tennessee, well known at field trials, where his natives sometimes come to the front.

I had the pleasure of seeing in my dogs one of the best trained brace of setters that came from Nashville during the month of November. They were intended for the field trials, but were twelve days over the age allowed in Puppy Stakes, so were finally trained for the Brace Stakes, but were taken sick with distemper about a week before the trials came off, and one of them was quite sick for some weeks. Friend Campbell thought he would be able to get along without them this time, as Joe, Jr., was in condition, so we let these wait until another year's trials.

We found that most of the grangers in the vicinity of where we stopped, had boards posted in conspicuous places near the highway, giving notice, that "Shooting was not allowed on that farm."

But there were some noble exceptions, as there are noble men there, as elsewhere, who not only threw open the gates to their farms, but also the doors of their houses and showed as generous a hospitality as can be found in any state in our Union. All honor to those men who met us, and said, "Gentlemen, you may shoot on any part of my farm that you please; and I think you will find plenty of birds." Such conduct was in strong contrast to that of the many who were so churlish to both strangers and neighbors, and long shall we cherish their kindness in our memory.

We succeeded in getting what birds we wanted, and also had the pleasure of seeing my dogs hunt in charge of their trainer where quails were plenty, and the dogs seemed to enjoy it as much as their owner did, whose satisfaction was complete.

There is one thing that is very annoying to sportsmen who go so far with their dogs for a hunt, and that is something which the *CHICAGO FIELD* has labored hard to have reformed, but still needs reforming, and there is a great deal to be done yet by some one (why not by the National Council of Sportsmen?) to get one or two of the great thoroughfares that run from the East to the West to have some definite arrangement, at which dogs will be transported, and let sportsmen travel on those roads and no others.

My brace of setters cost me, between Louisville and Cincinnati, eight dollars; from Pittsburgh to New York, four dollars, other sections more or less according to the greed of the baggage smashers, who knew I did not intend to go on and leave my dogs behind me.

Can anything be done to have this better arranged? You, Mr. Editor, use a sharp pen when occasion requires; but something else is needed—potent as the pen is—to puncture the thick hides of these grabbers. I think there is a willingness among sportsmen to pay a fair price to have their valuable dogs taken good care of, and to have them have a comfortable place; but to see them, after paying all that is asked, thrust them in among trunks, and in places where there are cold draughts—especially as with mine, that were not over with the distemper, rubs the fur all the wrong way and makes the bare spots caused by constant attrition smart too much.

OLD PUT.

HARVARD KENNELS.—Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—It is not generally known how many fine dogs are to be found within the precincts of Harvard College. Every student who is at all fond of animals is sure to keep his "pup," and if one stroll through the college campus on a pleasant Spring day he will be certain of seeing a slowly-sauntering, stolid bull dog, or a noly little Scotch terrier barking around his master's heels.

At present the favorite breeds are the bull-terrier and Scotch-terrier; next come the setter and pointer, while Skye-terriers and toy dogs always hold their own.

Two years ago it was the fashion for every student to have his bull-dog, and, consequently, the combats between these quarrelsome and stiff-necked fellows grew so frequent that they fell into disfavor, and their little cousin, the bull-terrier, has, in a great measure, taken their place in the popular favor.

A large number of the students' dogs are really very fine ones, being descended from standard stock and costing high prices. They are kept for them principally by two or three men and constitute what are known as the Harvard Kennels. One of the keepers has built a very snug and costly set of kennels, and keeps his dogs, most of which are bull-terriers, chained in little stalls very much after the manner of the New York bench show, while another man, who keeps setters, allows them to run together in a yard. Setters are of so gentle a disposition as to allow of this treatment, but it is doubtful whether those dapper, doughty little fellows, the bull-terriers, could be prevailed upon to run amicably together as a flock of sheep.

The students take great pride in their dogs and are always ready to show them off to their friends. As there is good hunting not far from Cambridge, many of the students possess fine setters and pointers, which they often take hunting with them in the Fall of the year.

Quite a number of hunting dogs are brought here and trained by professional trainers at a high price. It is noticeable, however, that not a few of the dogs are poorly trained. That is to say, they are trained to act like machines and nothing more. They do not appear to take any interest in what they do, but

rather obey from fear, and seem, in being trained, to have lost their natural spirit and freedom. This timorousness, however, is often found in hunting dogs, and cannot be too carefully guarded against, especially in the case of high-bred setters, whose delicate organization is apt to be peculiarly sensitive to all impressions of alarm. In fact, what I consider a well-trained dog, is one that works, not from any sense of fear, but rather from an eagerness to do anything to please whom he most loves, that is, his master.

Perhaps it may not be amiss for me, while speaking of training, to say here, with what pleasure I observed in your paper the other day, that those two well-known gentlemen "Kit Killbird" and "Sand Snipe" were preparing a work on training dogs which they happily term "Dog Paths to Success." One of the authors is personally known to me, and surely, if experience is a good teacher, no one is better fitted than he to teach every man how to train his dog, whether it be high-bred or hybrid. Hope that you will pardon this praise of a friend, which appears, perhaps, somewhat out of place.

HONKS.

THE CHARLESTON SHOW.—Charleston, S. C., Dec. 31, 1877.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Charleston has just had a combination dog and chicken show. Taking into consideration the fact that it is the first affair of the kind ever held in Charleston, "The Agricultural Society, under whose auspices it was given, have reason to be satisfied with the result. Deer, boar, and fox-hounds were all represented, together with setters, pointers, etc., there being some handsome specimens among them. Rex, an imported Russian boar-hound, was exhibited by Mr. Andrew Moffett, of this city; he is a noble animal, and attracted much attention. Gov. Wade Hampton's imported Gordon setter was much admired and was awarded a prize. Setters and pointer exhibited by Messrs. Ellis and Gunby, of Charleston, and Mr. Fischer, of Columbia, S. C., deserve special mention. Judging from the number of game-fowls which were on exhibition, you would suppose that Charlestonians have a special fondness for spurring. Major A. B. Rhett, of Charleston, had the finest collection of games exhibited.

The following is the award of premiums made by the committees of the respective departments, and to each of the exhibitors mentioned a diploma has been given for excellency and superiority of their specimens.

Department of hounds.—Russian boar-hound, Rex—Mr. Andrew Moffett.

American deer-hound, Jeff. Davis—Major J. C. Minott.

American deer-hound bitch, Fashion—Major J. C. Minott.

Imported fox-hound, Sportsman—Colonel Thos. Taylor.

Imported fox-hound, Belle—Major A. B. Rhett.

Imported greyhound, Foyle—Mr. C. A. Hill.

Department of pointers.—Imported pointer Frank—Dr. H. B. Horlbeck.

Imported pointer bitch—Mr. R. Boylston.

Department of setters.—Imported Gordon setter, Broom—Governor Wade Hampton. Native setter, Bet—T. S. Inglesby.

Miscellaneous.—Skye terrier, Trip—Master B. E. Baker. Scotch terrier, Schnyder—Mr. D. F. Fleming. Bull terrier, Nero—Jas. McInnes.

Coach dog, —, Dr. W. M. Fitch. Coach bitch, —, Dr. W. M. Fitch.

Newfoundland dog, —, F. E. Taylor.

Mastiff dog, Hampton—E. L. Roche. Mastiff bitch, Frolic—Ed. Roach.

ECNO.

BLUE BLOODS IN WASHINGTON.—Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—In "Jack Snipe's" weekly letter, dated Dec. 20, he speaks of Livy and her pup and a Pride of the Border—Fairy II. pup, belonging to Mr. Jansen, as being about the only true representatives of blue blood in the vicinity of Washington, D. C. I must correct "Jack Snipe" and Mr. Jansen if they suppose a Pride of the Border—Fairy II. is owned in their city. I owned Fairy II, and lately sold her to Wm. H. Gumbes, of Philadelphia. I bred her but once, to Pride, and she whelped five, two dogs and three bitches, viz.: Essex and Thunder (Essex since poisoned), went to Mr. J. B. Reno, of New Brighton, Pa. Helen, of Troy, is owned by Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago. Jennie Deans, by Mr. John Davidson, and Lella, since dead, was sold to Mr. McCandless, of Macon, Ga.

Mr. Gumbes has bred Fairy II. again to Pride, and she is due to whelp about Feb. 7.

I think the error of "Jack Snipe" was brought about by Mr. Wm. E. C. Moorhead's stating to Mr. Jansen, that Spot, a dog of his, that served Mr. Jansen's Pixey was from my kennel, and I take this opportunity of replying to the latter named gentleman's letter to me, asking for the pedigree and age of Spot. He is out of Vannote's Nellie, by Pharo's Shot, both good field dogs. Mr. Vannote presented him to Mr. Moorehead, and I should judge Spot was about a year and a half old. Although of first-class native blood and a good field performer, there is not one drop of Laverack in his veins.

Unless John Davidson has sold Jennie Deans and her name is changed, and Mr. Whitman has disposed of Helen, there is not a Pride of the Border—Fairy II. pup in Washington, D. C.

C. S. WESTCOTT.

THE STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—Chicago, Ill., Jan. 4, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I was very much amused with the very interesting letter in your paper of Dec. 15, concerning street dogs of Constantinople, which I can bear testimony is accurate in every respect, with the exception of one point, namely, his attributing the loss of his friend through having partaken a dish of poisoned pilaff. Having resided in Constantinople (and been an inmate of the hospital of Scutari during the late Crimean war) more than six months, I can assure him he is wrong in his surmise. It is against the creed of a Turk to destroy a dog. He would think it much less sin to poison a dog of a Christian. The way in which the municipality gets rid of the canine population is this: In the vicinity of the Golden Horn, are numerous very small islands (uninhabited); annually the authorities charter a number of vessels, in which all the dogs which can be caught, are shipped, and from thence transported to these islands. It is left to your own imagination what disposes of them, but I have been credibly informed, that no one dog has ever existed for one year.

ROBT H. J. BLAKE,
late Capt. H. M. 18th Regt.

SEEDS SPROUTING IN A DOG'S EYE.—Galena, Ill., Jan. 3, 78.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—During September last, while chicken shooting, my dogs suffered greatly from inflamed eyes. I applied all the known remedies within reach, and not finding relief, I took Kansas Beauty, winner of 2nd at St. Louis, and 1st at Louisville, to Dr. Wm. Nagle, of this place. At this time one of Beauty's eyes had been closed for several days. Upon examination, Dr. Nagle removed, with tweezers, from her eye a small seed not as large as a flax seed that had germinated and sprouted nearly three-fourths of an inch. I myself removed from my setters, Billy's and Flash's, eyes seeds that had sprouted in same manner.

I presume some of our friends will find fault with this because my assertions are not backed up by scientific theory, but, nevertheless, my eyes did not deceive me.

UM ZOO EE.

Wonderful Dogs.

TALLY ONE FOR BOUNCE.—Davenport, Iowa, Jan. 4, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Gladstone, Cobblestone, Buck, the Engine proof dog and all the others can't hold a candle to Bounce. Perhaps few will believe what I am going to state, but I can find a thousand witnesses, if necessary, who will swear they never saw it. But Bounce is a remarkable dog, and as he is getting old, I fear I shall never see his like again. I was off on a shooting trip, and one evening after supper I was sitting in the office of the hotel smoking and chatting with a friend with Bounce lying at my feet. The stage arrived and the passengers were registering their names, when, as the last man came in, Bounce suddenly jumped to his feet and struck a stiff point on the man, remaining as rigid as marble whilst the man was registering his name; as soon as the stranger moved forward to the adjoining room Bounce commenced to draw on to him, and as he stood still Bounce was again rigid. It was so peculiar my curiosity was excited to know who the stranger was. With that object in view I looked at the register and was surprised at the last name, which I supposed to be his. But to be sure I was correct, I asked the clerk if "that man," pointing to the man, Bounce was still on a staunch point on, "was the owner of the name," to which he replied in the affirmative. There could be now no mistake; his name was A Partridge. Next.

RE LIE ABLE.

TALLY ONE FOR BLANCHE.—Detroit, Mich., Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Since it is in order to relate the extraordinary performances of dogs I must insist, notwithstanding your proverbial reticence regarding your own dogs, that Blanche's light be no longer hidden under a bushel, and that you publish this little piece of unwritten history connected with the Iowa field trials of what Blanche did there. No one present, I imagine, will forget the magnificent performance of Peg when let loose with Blanche to find a covey for the puppies to be worked, on both as to her superb style and staunchness; but at the same time I am satisfied that all will remember Blanche's extraordinary back of Peg. To those not present I can vouch for the fact that when we came up we found Peg on a staunch point, and Blanche some fifty yards off backing Peg, tail towards her. As I believe Blanche and Gladstone are related it seems characteristic of the breed to point and back with their tails. What a brace they would make, Gladstone pointing and Blanche backing, both with their tails!

CAMPUS MARTIUS.

TALLY ONE FOR COUNTLESS.—Memphis, Jan. 1, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—As we are all weak on and strong for our children and pet field dogs, allow me to chronicle a pretty feat of Lady Countess. While shooting last Saturday she pointed a covey of quails; one sped over my horse and self, and was plumped out like a "middle man." The horse wheeled instantly and I caught another bird on the fly, equestrian double shot, and, on composing my gun-shy steed, found the little lady upright on her rear propellers, handing me up a fluttering bird. A son of Guy's brought the other. Another word; wishing you a happy and octogenarian New Year, I notice with sincere pleasure Kit Killbird and Mr. Hunt, of Louisiana, will soon issue their bantling, "Dog Paths to Success." As the South has brains and hearts, as well as chivalry, I earnestly hope and believe this practical, tasteful and charming book will grace the library of every true sportsman and brother.

GUIDO.

A JUDGE'S REASON.—A capital story reaches me from the dog show, for the truth of which I can vouch. A well-known and highly popular judge, whose knowledge of a dog is only equaled by his admiration of, and devotion to, the fair sex, was appealed to by a fascinating young lady as to why he had passed over a dog exhibited by her. "He possesses what you have not got" was the gentleman's reply. "What is that?" quoth the damsel. "An ugly foot," was the ready response. The lady retired mollified, and the judge's reputation was saved. It is only fair to add that the latter is a grandfather.—*Hornet*, (England.)

A NEW KENNEL CLUB.—The Ashcroft Kennel Club, of Bridgeport, Conn., has elected the following officers for the year ensuing: B. H. Case, President; S. B. Hayes, W. A. Sharp, Vice-Presidents; S. S. Pease, Secretary; Theo. Courtwright, Treasurer; B. H. Case, S. B. Hayes, S. S. Pease, Executive Committee. A resolution was passed directing the Executive Committee to ascertain the practicability of holding a bench show the week succeeding the bench show of "The Westminster Kennel Club," New York city.

KITTY.—Marietta, Ohio, Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Some time since I purchased of A. C. Waddell, of Edina, Mo., the red Irish setter Kitty, by Burges' Rufus, out of Stoddard's Fan. Kitty is doing excellent work, having had 71 quails killed (not pot-hunted), over her in one day. She reflects much credit on her trainer, Mr. J. O. Watts, of Osceola, Iowa.

WM. B. MASON, JR.

Names Claimed.

RUSTIC RAMBLE AND CHECK MATE.—Chicago, Ill., Jan. 5, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I claim the names for my two red setter pups, Rustic Ramble, for dog, Check Mate, for bitch, out of my Scotchby, by E. C. Waller's Race; grandsires, champion Elcho and Ranger.

S. A. KAYE.

GEM.—Petroleum Centre, Pa., Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I see by your last issue that Mr. N. Turnbull, of Baltimore, has claimed the name of Gem for a blk and w. bitch puppy out of Vic, by Dick. If Mr. Turnbull will look at the *CHICAGO FIELD* of Aug. 26, 1876, he will find the name Gem in the N. K. Club Register recorded for my red Irish bitch by Carlos out of Cora, both imported from Llewellyn's kennel by Capt. R. Jex Blake and Mr. Parker.

W. B. DAVIS.

Sales.

BONNIE ELOISE.—Messrs. Elstner & Conway, of Shreveport, La., have purchased of W. H. Holabird, his Field Trial setter bitch Bonnie Eloise, by Dog-Whip out of Fannie Keen.

PETER THE GREAT.—W. H. Holabird has sold his blue belton setter puppy, Peter The Great by Rob Roy out of Queen Blanche to Messrs. Elstner & Conway, Shreveport, La.

Deaths.

FRIDAY AND TEAL.—Mr. J. McWhorter, Canton, Mo., has lost by death his brace of Rupert—Gypsy pups, Friday and Teal.

FLORA.—Mr. F. W. Puderer has lost his setter bitch, Flora, said to be remarkably fine in the field. She had a litter of puppies at the time of her death.

Visits.

FAN—CARLOWITZ.—Mr. John Broman's native setter bitch Fan, to Von Culin's Carlowitz.

BESS—RAY.—Capt. Elemendorf's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Bess, to Mr. Edmund Orgn's Ray. Ray is by Pride of the Border, out of Demlety. Bess is by H. Shipman's Joe, out of Fanny.

Chicago Field.

To the Trade.—News Dealers will be supplied with the CHICAGO FIELD through the Western News Co., to whom all orders should be sent.

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N. ROWE, (MOHAWK),..... Editor and Manager.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1878.

MALICIOUS KILLING OF DOGS.

Last week we mentioned the malicious shooting of Oberon, belonging to Mr. E. S. Sanford, Jr., of New York. We regret to now have to chronicle other cases.

One morning just before Mr. Luther Adams, who resides in one of the beautiful suburbs for which Boston is noted, left home for his Fall shooting trip in Missouri, his dogs were, as usual, let out to exercise, and Prince and his litter sister Bingen, by Pride of the Border, out of Dora, when the time came for kenneling them could not be found. A diligent search of several days failed to return them, and Mr. Adams had to leave home without them. On his return home he learned that two farm employees of a neighbor had killed them with pitchforks, giving as a reason that the dogs were killing chickens. The man on whose premises they were killed is wealthy, and Mr. Adams will test the law to the utmost, for he is a determined man, to get proper redress.

Another instance comes to us of a dog belonging to Mr. D. C. Beaman, of Keosauqua, Iowa, equally aggravating. One of the gentlest dogs imaginable and a fine field dog, she happened to be passing through the field when the owner of the land called her to him and clubbed her to death.

A correspondent at Marshalltown, Iowa, writes us that a certain Eugene Carduff killed a valuable pointer dog belonging to Mr. Richard Maguire, to get possession of his hide. In this case Maguire sued the murderer of his dog, charging him with malicious mischief, and the case was tried before Justice Binford. Carduff filed a demurer, claiming that even if the facts alleged were true it constituted no offense. Strange to say Justice Binford sustained the demurer, holding that dogs were not property, and that any one could kill them on the street at any time. We are pleased to know that Maguire's attorney filed a writ of error and that the case will come up before the next District Court, when we trust the decision will be reversed and the murderer suitably punished; though that would be difficult, as the Mosaic law, a hide for a hide would be only commensurate with the crimes, and even then we question whether the fiend's hide would be worth as much as the dog's unless it be for a collection among exhibited specimens of the most heinous and cruel murderers.

But to suppose that a judge can be found to give such an absurd ruling at the present day, that dogs are not property and that they can be killed is a terrible satire on judicial intelligence and the enlightened age in which we live.

In view of these facts it is pertinent that we take cognizance of a subject of so great importance to our sportsmen, for if such malicious murders can be committed with impunity it is time that action be taken, and in whatever State such damnable acts are sanctioned by the law it be expunged from the statutes, both on the broad principles of equity and right of property, and of morals.

To assume that dogs are not property is to question the validity of ownership acquired by gift or purchase. The plea that dogs are *ferre nature* is not tenable, for if once so, they having been reduced through a series of ages to domestication would, if we are not mistaken, by authority of Blackstone, give the right of ownership and property in them. The same plea would hold good with all our domesticated animals—the horse, cow, hog, sheep, fowl, etc., for all were *ferre nature*, and have been reduced to domestication, and are among the most forcible evidences of our civilization.

The interest in dogs and the pecuniary value of them render them in a commercial point equal to the horse, and superior to the other animals mentioned. The amount of money invested in dogs cannot be approximated by hundreds or thousands of dollars, but reaches up to the millions. A good dog has even more than a commercial value to his owner; for faithful creatures, our companions in our pleasures, our solace in our moments of *amuse*, their value is not to be computed by dollars and cents. The price of friendship is their true value—over and above a commercial one. The sum gained in a suit for damages but little compensates for the loss of a noble animal; it assuages not the grief of loss and the terrible death, no more than it silences the reverberations to the pleasures had with the faithful creature, pleasures gone never to be enjoyed again, no more than it supplies the place with another dog, for one may own a hundred dogs and only one good one among them, or at any rate, only one that suited.

To declare a dog *ferre nature*, and thereby delegate to any one the right and privilege to destroy it when at large as not being property, and to consider a horse, cow or any animal property and under the protection of the law, is to make an invidious distinction in keeping with neither common sense nor equity.

The man in whose fields a horse, cow, sheep or pig may be, or even chickens, can find no pretext which will be valid in law to protect him from the consequences of killing either. If his property is damaged by the trespasser, he has redress of the owner to the amount of damage done, which he is even required to prove. Then why not the same with a dog? Supposing one sheep or more has been killed, he has redress against the owner, which is sufficient. When he kills the dog he takes the law into his own hands, and should be as amenable to it, for the consequences of the act quite as much as though it were a horse, cow, sheep or pig. Some States recognize this fact while others do not.

We are aware that there are two sides to this subject, and that the vast agricultural interest enters largely into the consideration of it, and has its influence in framing public opinion and these laws. We do not propose to ignore it; on the contrary, we recognize it fully; but the agricultural interest has also to contend with the depredations of horses and cattle, both of which can, in a night, destroy the labor of days and weeks, and the prospective profit of a whole season—even more damage, perhaps, but certainly as much as a dog in a sheepfold would do in the same time. Just so far do we recognize it and no further; let the sufferer from depredations of dogs have the same means of redress,

which are quite as much within his power as in damage from horses and cattle, for every dog and his owner in an agricultural community are as well known as a horse or cow.

In considering the question we do not deal with the idiotic fools who go around howling about dogs, demanding their extermination, and display an astuteness equalled by the lack of ability to appreciate a dog and the pleasures arising from the ownership of one, for their insignificance is equalled only by the narrowness of their minds and deficiency of their intellects; but we treat of those whose opposition to dogs and plea for the privilege of using their discretion as to their distinction is influenced by a pecuniary motive. To those and to the owners of dogs there is a ground on which they can both stand equal, which is the levying of a tax on dogs sufficient to give a revenue equal to indemnify damages arising from prowling dogs whose identity, by absence of a witness to the act, as at night for instance in a sheepfold, can not be established; and when the dog can be identified his owner should be made responsible and subject to suit for damages as in any other instance. Common sense, justice and morality point this out as an equitable adjustment of the question at issue, and we trust that in every State we will see such a provision made. It is important that the sportsmen, who are no corporals guard, take the matter in hand and push it to a result in their various legislatures. We are aware the Granger element is great; next to railroads it is the fulcrum which moves our legislatures; but when we remember nearly every farmer owns a dog and is himself likely at any time to be a victim to malicious spite, we think if the matter be placed before them in a proper light it can be accomplished.

The death of Prince is a loss to Mr. Adams that money does not reimburse, for in Prince and his brace-mate Drake, Mr. Adams had a brace of dogs, matched, not only as nearly as two dogs could be in appearance, but also for field work, quite the equals we think of any brace in this or any other country. We know he so regarded them, and having, we may say, tried all his life to get such a brace, sparing neither time nor money, it makes the loss doubly great, and one in all probability he can never replace. A thousand dollars, we are sure, would not have bought Prince. Bingen, his sister, while, perhaps, not so valuable as a field dog, yet on account of her blood was very valuable for breeding. It is an outrage to think that they should have been pitchforked by two cruel, ignorant fools on the pretence that they were killing chickens. Supposing they were; did the act authorize their death? Mr. Adams is well known to be responsible for any damages done by his dogs and as willing to make proper reparation. There was, therefore, redress within the law for the acts of the dogs.

Mr. Beaman's bitch was as highly valued by him, and was at the time in whelp to an equally fine dog.

We sincerely hope in all of the instances named the law will mete out the proper reparation for the injury inflicted so that, at least, it will be a warning to similarly heartless fiends that they cannot in cold blood pitchfork, club and shoot dogs at their pleasure.

THE ST. LOUIS SHOW.—We think it safe to say that the St. Louis show will eclipse any show ever held in this country, the New York show not excepted, both in the number and quality of the entries. Among the additional special prizes is a donation of \$10 gold by Mr. T. H. Scott, of Yorkshire, England, for the best setter of any strain bred in America. Mr. J. J. Snellenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., donated a \$30 suit for the best brace of Laveracks. Mr. Greener has donated one of his best guns, valued at \$350, which will probably be given as a prize for the best native setter, dog or bitch. Tiffany & Co., of New York, have donated a \$75 vase for the best setter in the show. Wm. Read & Sons have donated a Scott double-barrel express rifle valued at \$225, which it has not yet been decided what to do with. Was ever an association so rich in donations?

The rink where the show is to be held is being fitted with steam pipes so that a comfortable and uniform temperature will be kept up—no small consideration to both dogs and visitors. The catalogues will be ready to be issued next week. They can be had, also entry blanks, by addressing the secretary, Mr. Munson; but each applicant is requested to state how many entry blanks he requires. We shall also have some at our office here, and at our New York office, 33 Park Row, where they can be obtained. The entries will positively close Feb. 5, and the entrance fee must accompany each entry.

The headquarters of the association will be parlor 23, Lindell Hotel, at which hotel arrangements have been made for reduced rates for visitors to the show. In addition to the other railroads giving reduced rates, the Atlantic & Great Western R. R. will give half rates from any point on its line to St. Louis, and pass dogs free.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS' GREAT FEAT.—The extraordinary feat of Captain Bogardus to break 5,000 glass balls in 500 minutes he accomplished, having 19 m. 25 seconds to spare. As a test of skill and endurance it is unparalleled and is likely, we think, to ever remain so, as there are few men, supposing they possessed the skill, with physique to endure the muscular and nervous strain attending it. Strong as a man as he is, his last 500 shots were made sitting in a chair. It was indomitable will and pluck as well as skill and physical endurance which won him the match. After he had shot at 2,500 balls his right hand was so cramped up that he had to force it open with his left hand. His physician, standing by him, directed him to plunge the hand into a bucket of water as hot as he could bear, but for which he thinks he would not have been able to go through with his great feat.

He has since been confined to his bed, and it is the opinion of his physician that he will remain there for ten days to come. Captain Bogardus offers to bet \$1,000 to \$5,000 that no man can repeat the feat. In our Trap-Shooting department will be found a full account of the match, from our New York correspondent.

THE IOWA GAME LAW.—The Iowa legislature meets on Monday next; the Iowa game law needs its attention sadly. Elcho in a recent issue drew attention to the subject, and just as we are about going to press Schneider sends us a stirring appeal to the sportsmen of Iowa to meet together and frame and present to the legislature a law such as is needed; Schneider's letter we regret has to remain over to our next issue. President Delano, the successor of Dr. Leas, should call a special session of the State association that the proper law may be framed and presented to the State legislature for enactment.

THE BOSTON SHOW.—The Boston, Mass., Kennel Club has determined to hold its bench show in the latter part of March; the exact date has not yet been fixed but will be in a short time. The premium list will be rich, and under the management of such gentlemen as the club is composed of it can not but be a great success. Mr. Lincoln has been appointed superintendent.

VANITY FAIR.—Messrs. W. S. Kimball & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., will accept our thanks for a present of their Vanity Fair Tobacco, which is so celebrated and so universally used that nothing we could say would add to the high appreciation in which it is held by smokers generally.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1878.

Michigan State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and game, Battle Creek, February 5 and 6.
New Hampshire State Sportsmen's League, Manchester, April 2.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Buffalo, May.
Connecticut State Sportsmen's Association, Hartford, May 15.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Des Moines, May 28.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Fremont, May 28.
National Sportsmen's Association, Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 4.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Quincy, June 11.
Ohio State Sportsmen's Association, Cincinnati, June 15.
Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, Nashville, Dec. 2.
Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.

[Written expressly for the CHICAGO FIELD.]

BUCK, BEAR AND BUFFALO:

OR,

Hunting from Lakes to Ocean.

BY MNEMOSYNE,

Author of "The One-Armed Trapper;" "The Home of the Bear;" "The Caribou Hunter;" "In Prairie and Woodland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

A DISPUTED PATH!

"Now closed is the gin and the prey within
By the road of Lanercast!
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin,
May rue him of his boast."

—BRIDAL OF THIERMAIN.

Jogging along the way they paused not, though often sorely tempted, (Mart said they were sore enough already!) by huge coveys of quails and chickens, for there were coveys and coveys then that would have done your souls good, Oh! sportsmen of the present, until they came to the Illinois river, to the mouth of a creek that emptied into it, famous for both waterfowl and fish. And well was the monotony broken by their Irish man of all work, who proved a source of infinite amusement, and was unanimously rechristened "Mickey Free," (after the one immortalized by Lever) from the easy manner he had in conversation and "appropriating" anything he could lay his hands on.

But dinner proved that he understood cooking—the horses that they had found a friend and they saw the dogs would not suffer for food even if the bipeds obtained never a mouthful—the tent was kept tidy; he was always willing and cheerful, and as long as he did not "capture" anything from them they could stand it, if outsiders could!

"Mickey," said Mart, as they rode along, "you seem to be very fond of dogs?"

"Be me soul, and it's that same I am, Sur," was replied, with a knowing shake of the "ensanguined" head.

"And I presume you have owned many?"

"Divil a won but won."

"What kind of a beast was that?"

"Well, Sur, it's not myself that rightly knows fwat to call him, but I sowed him for a black an tanned."

"A black and tan?"

"Yes, Sur, an I'll tell ye the hole sthory jist. Yar see I got cheated in that dorg, though he didn't cost me nothin' at all, fer I jist lifted him. Well, a man come along an said he wanted a black an tan, an I towld him I had won would suit him exactly, an he agreed to give me five dollars. So I took him to see the dorg, and he hollowed right out an said he war a mongrel. Shure an I axed him if he war 'nt black, an he said, 'yes!' An, said I, thin he is the very thing fer yee, fer he's black as the ace on spades, an I've tanned him ivery day since I owned him!"

"You deserve tanning!"

"An I'd ave got it, never fear, ef I had 'nt bin so big. But spakin ov that dorg puts me in mind ov this off hoss, Sur."

"In what respect?"

"Case it's a thin skin an a poor memory he has."

"That is a blooded horse," laughed Mart.

"Blooded, is it? Yis, whar the skin is off. Be Saint Patrick, an it's the same kind ov pedigree he has wid ould Dalton's mare."

"What is that?"

"Well, Sur, she war sired by ould 'Slow and Go Asy,' dam 'Rest an be Thankful,' gran dam 'Pause an Consider,' and the great gran war damned by iverybody that iver knew her!"

With similar stories, and he appeared to have an unlimited supply, Mickey killed time until the banks of the "River of Men" (in the language of the red man) was reached. Then, even before supper was prepared, he drew from his cavernous pockets a couple of fish lines, that compared to the finer tackle of the rest was as "rattling stuff" to the hawser of a man of war—with hooks like the flukes of an anchor and carefully baited and set them.

"What in the name of thunder do you expect to catch with such a rig as that?" questioned one of the men.

"Cats. Shure an thar's plenty ov them in the river."

"Pshaw! Such lines and hooks are more fitted for tigers!" and Mart laughed heartily as he took a closer survey of the "athring" and bade and repeated:

"He baited his hook with a dragon's tail,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whale."

But notwithstanding the (to them) nonsensical arrangement, they followed the cure, and poles and lines were prepared.

A hearty supper eaten, they adjourned to the edge of the water and waited for their finny prey.

"Have you iver a bite?" questioned Mickey, puffing away at his short and black "dhudeen" until he was completely enveloped in smoke.

"About ten thousand!" growled Mart.

"An is it muskeeters?"

"I should call them vampire bats!"

"Shure an it's jist nothin at all to fwat they are on the Calumet, may the divil blast 'em. Avin in Winter they buzz around thicker nor toads after a shower."

"Musquitoes in Winter? You must be mad."

"Niver you mind. It's that same they do, an its little fur overcoats an mittins they ware! But I must be gittin out ov this. Divil a bite of 'baccy have I, you took me away so suddint, and it's only five mile to town an I'll throt over and git some fish."

No one objecting, Mickey started along the heavily timbered road that even in the brightest day was dark from the dense foliage upon either side, and the closely interlocking branches above. It was not the first time he had traveled it, there was no danger of getting lost, and he jogged merrily onward, whistling and with "lashins ov whiskey" in prospect at the houses of his acquaintances, until he came to a bridge crossing the creek, by whose outlet their tent had been pitched and camp fire built. Then he stopped suddenly. His eyes fairly started from their

sockets; his hair arose so as to almost push his almost crownless hat from his head; his knees smote together and he began calling upon St. Patrick and all the other saints, and even his satanic majesty in the most curiously jumbled manner.

There was something upon the opposite side of the bridge that caused him to shiver with terror. An army of ghosts could not have more frightened him, and without pausing to obtain a second look he turned and fled, shrieking at every step and making the woods ring as if an entire tribe of Indians were celebrating a payment with an unrestricted drunk!

"What in the name of heaven has happened? What have you seen?" questioned Dick Thomas, who had run to meet him, rifle in hand; the others being more interested in 'catting,' 'The very old devil himself! Oh! may the blisssid and howly virgin have mercy on my poor soul.'

"Hush your foolish ravings and tell me what you are making all this row about," continued Thomas, grasping him by the collar of his coat should have been, and shaking him vigorously.

"Oh! Lord, it's come afther me, he has, an I saw his eyes like great balls of fire, an his hoofs an his tail and red flames comin' out of his mouth an his great teeth and claws an—"

"Stop!" commanded Dick, giving him another and still harder shake until his teeth truly rattled, even if fear had not made them do so before. "Stop and tell me what was it you saw."

"Sthop? And it was the ould devil for certain!"

That was all Dick Thomas could ascertain. But he was convinced the affrighted Irishman had seen something unusual, and having learned the locality and vainly attempted to persuade any of the others to accompany him he started upon a tour of investigation, leaving Mickey rolling over and over upon the ground and exclaiming with the full strength of his leathern lungs that he would "be kilt intirely, so he would, bad cess till the ould Nick."

Not without a trifle of awe Dick Thomas left the cheerfully blazing camp-fire and penetrated the gloom. There was not a single ray of moon or starlight after he had turned his back upon his companions, and he had literally to feel his way along. But without difficulty he kept the road and proceeded with cocked gun, ready for any unknown danger until he came to the little bridge, of which the next to insane Irishman had told him. There the absence of timber permitted the starry light of heaven to enter and all was plain to him. He could hear the gurgling of the water; could almost have counted the planks he would have to cross; could see the extreme end of the structure, and a scrutinizing glance assured him there was neither fiend nor beast to dispute the way. If such had been there at all it had "folded its tents like the Arabs and silently passed away, and he muttered savagely: "I wish Satan had taken that Irishman before he came on this wild goose chase. It was a shadow he saw, a barked tree, or perhaps a couple of glow worms and fancied it was the arch-enemy of mankind—the superstitious fool! I wish I had him here long enough to duck half a dozen times. Cold water would bring him to his senses. Wait until I get back, wont I teach him a lesson?"

To entirely convince himself of the absence of danger of all and every kind he determined to cross the bridge and examine the opposite side and its surroundings. And, thinking lightly now of the situation, he uncocked his rifle and carried it carelessly by his side. But a few steps had been taken upon the rude plank (corderoy), before he came to as sudden a halt as that of the ignorant Patlander, and something of the same terror caused his heart to beat more rapidly, the flush of anger to fade from his face and his blood to creep with a sluggish and icy flow through his veins!

A low, fierce growl had arrested him and anchored his feet as if they had been lead. It was such a sound as he had never before heard—a savage, wild wood, warning and challenge in a breath. With every sense quickened he looked ahead and there, directly in his path and disputing any further progress, stood some huge beast, with its jaws snapping—now opening, now shutting with malicious rapidity, and ever and anon revealing great, sharp teeth; with its strong claws tearing uneasily splinters from the wood; its ears—they appeared preternaturally long to the thoroughly alarmed man—standing erect, and his eyes, two flaming balls of fire, glaring upon him.

The Irishman was right. There was something in the way, and that something a beast such as he had never seen before—a huge, gaunt beast, mad with passion, ready to crouch for the spring, and whose lightest embrace was death!

Standing there face to face with such danger, years were condensed into a single heart throb. The what might be was pictured as a bloody ending to his life—of heart torn out, limbs dismembered, and hot blood lapped up by the curling tongue. And he had been accustomed to boast of his steadiness of nerve—was noted for it in all trials of skill, but never before had he been called upon to shoot at such a target, where the prize was his own life, and failure would be the most terrible doom!

Talk of shooting at long range, with time for the arrangement of sights and limbs and sighting shots, even though the honor of a nation hung upon skill. It was worse than nothing compared to facing such a savage, living target—at scarcely two rods distance, and when everything depended upon a single bullet.

Skill, practice steady nerves and cool heads were at Creedmoor, but how different would have been the score there if, in the darkness, alone, and the "bull's eye" double ones of living flame! Glory, all praise to the marksmen of America who upheld the reputation and the starry flag of their country, but "tried as by fire" as was that fairly and fatally ambushed hunter, with no chance for "rests," none to re-load, how many of them would have been as now, how many have coolly looked through sights and won the wild applause of a world? Theirs was a Creedmoor of jubiliant peace—this a Creedmoor of intense anxiety and danger, and the banner of the victor, whichever it might be, would be crimsoned and dripping with blood.

Face to face, eye to eye stood the human and the brute antagonists. There was an instant of the most terrible stillness. The dropping of a wind-whirled leaf could have been heard; the fierce growling and savage grinding of teeth and snapping of jaws were renewed, and the eyes flashed more baleful fires and the claws ripped more fiercely the tough wood.

The first terrible alarm over, Dick Thomas became cool—cool with the icy calmness of despair. His nerves ceased to fitfully tremble, his heart to convulsively beat and his blood to ebb and flow as an arctic stream through his veins. He stood there even as a Christian martyr in the olden days of Roman pomp and greatness, and gladiatorial slaughter—as one looking beyond earth—as seeing the inevitable and awaiting a not to be avoided doom—stood an easy, an unrelenting prey for savage, famished beast, as the one whose death should end the tragedy in the lonely, midnight wilderness.

Then a swift and mighty change came to him. The natural bravery of the man and the pride of the hunter returned, even a thrill of pleasure that, if successful, he could lord it over his companions who were ignominiously attempting to draw the sluggish catfish from the muddy water. There was something in the desperate peril that made him feel, as never before, the superiority of man over the brute; the truth of the Eternal fiat that unto him was given dominion over the "beasts of the field and the fowls of the air."

But the exigency of immediate and decisive action could not be ignored. The beast was becoming still more fiercely demonstrative, was crawling nearer and nearer to him, was becoming, if possible, more determined in its anger, was crouching for a spring.

The end was swiftly, very swiftly coming; the time for action was crowded into a single heart beat! before another pulsation the "be all and the end all" would have come, and blood—of which would it be? would stain the boards and the green grass and lovely growing moss, and tiny flowers, and one of the twain would have looked their last upon all the beauty of earth and star-jeweled sky!

Instinctively the hunter raised his rifle to his shoulder. Fortunately it was no toy for squirrel or bird shooting, but one calculated to bring down the tough old buffalo bull or massive grizzly, and never had man greater need. He saw that hesitation, no matter how little, would be his death knell, took what well might have been termed a "lightning sight," touched trigger, and the bullet sped upon which hung his and another's life. But even as he was firing the beast sprang toward him with astonishing rapidity—hurled itself a huge black ball through the air, with open jaws and eyes of flame!

It was met midway by the heavy bullet that crushed through skull and entered the brain; and yet so fierce had been its spring that the impetus remained unchecked and, striking the hunter, it felled him; the sharp claws fastened into the clothing and the convulsive, dying agonies ripped it away as if woven of cobwebs, and with it the flesh, leaving many, though not dangerous wounds.

The terrible anxiety was followed by a thrill of the most exquisite pleasure. He saw that all danger had passed, felt that he was victor, and pushing from him the still trembling carcass, sprang to his feet and breathed the breath of freedom and of safety. And now, too, came the opportunity for examination, for deciding with what he had grappled, the semi-light and the excitement previously forbidding.

And, though but little versed (save by reading,) in the savage dwellers of the woods, Dick Thomas was not long in deciding as to its identity, and there was true satisfaction in pronouncing the name "lynx." The length of the ears and the shortness of the tail left no room for doubt, and, though the eyes were now glazed and sightless, he would never forget the unnatural brightness with which they had gazed upon him.

But, and the thought did very much to quicken his movements, he did not know but what a mate might be prowling in the vicinity, and having no particular longing for another encounter, he drew the carcass as rapidly as possible toward the camp fire, called his companions from the river and, pointing to the slaughtered beast, said, in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if killing such beasts was an every-day pleasure and pastime with him—

"There is something like game for you, boys."

"An' it am the ould devil I saw!" exclaimed Mickey, standing at a respectful distance, as if it was dangerous even in death; "An' the long ears an' fwat I took for horns, an' its tail! be the Hill o' Howth! an' it has'n't any to brag of. But fwat teeth an' claws it has got!"

The story of the encounter told, and Dick didn't fail to embellish, the Irishman set to work skinning and proved an adept. A few years upon the Calumet had been of vast service to him in this respect and the skin was taken care of to the satisfaction of the hunter. It was a trophy gold would not then have purchased, though before he again saw the hearth before which he intended to have it spread it would become a burden and valueless and he tossed aside as the veriest trash upon earth.

This idea penetrated through the tangled hair and thick cranium of Mickey, added to a natural desire to be free from all possible care, and he suggested that it be sent back.

"A good plan," answered Dick. "The first town we reach we will so dispose of it and show the effete sportsmen at home that we are no puny representatives of the gun but as mighty Nimrods as ever went forth to conquer dragons in the fabled days of old! Ahem!"

"And that reminds me," put in Mart, who had looked with jealous feelings and envious eyes upon the prize, "that just as you called me I felt a fish drag on my line."

"An be me soul," added Mickey "it's better they be thin this baste, barrin the hide, fer you kin ate thim an he would ate you ef he got a chance."

"And this is nothing but a magnificent cat after all." "Faith an it's that same you would be afther swaring to an he got one rip at you wid his claws. The ould cantankerous devils in Killylarny that fit an fit till there wasn't anything left but a bit o' their tails didn't have any bigger ones."

Bites were plenty that night of both fish and mosquitoes—the one seeming determined to avenge the taking of the other and the men were glad to avail themselves of the "smudge" started by the Irishman, while the dogs lay whimpering with their heads enveloped in smoke.

"Beats the devil," growled Charley, "how such little things can penetrate. I never believed the story about the brass kettle, but I'm blest if I ever question it again."

"Did you ever hear how Tim McCarty mended his boots?" questioned Mickey with the most stolid expression possible.

"What has that to do with mosquitoes?"

"An it was them same that did it!"

"Mosquitoes mending boots? you must be a fool!"

"Faith an ef I hadn't it's very near won I am!" and he continued hurriedly as if fearful of having drawn down wrath upon his head. "It's tell you I will how he did it. Ye see he war lyn all kivered up but his head an he felt them borin away at the souls of his boots which had got loose. Thin he had a bright idee, jist made 'bleve he war sleeping until hundreds war workin away and then shliapped them an dhrove their bills an riveted them an devil a loose did that ould soul come agin!"

"That will do," answered Mart, "and I am satisfied there is one thing grows to an immense size on the Calumet!"

"Fwat is that, Sir?" asked Mickey innocently.

"Liars!"

The Irishman was effectually squelched for the time and made a great bustle in getting to his lines and hauling in a giant fish he had captured. Indeed their success was equal to what it had been while birds and fishing was voted a bore.

"Thin it's take in me lines, so I will," said Mickey.

He started to do so, crawled carefully out upon a log to the end of which one was fastened, stooped down, when his feet flew from under him and he went heels over head into the water! Floundering and blowing he reached the shore and hastened to the camp fire while the laughter of the others rang loudly at his expense.

A drink, however, restored his customary good humor—in fact, Mart suggested, he would be willing to be soaked every hour in the day to secure the same kind of medicine, and soon the camp settled into quiet, broken only by the heavy breathing of the men and the now and then quick movements of the watchful dogs as they caught the scent of some wandering game, or dreamed they were in mid prairie with chickens upon every side.

Faithful, unselfish friends of mankind no danger could come without their warning, and none would ever be found more staunch and leal. So slumber, grateful and refreshing came to

those who with the dawn would be up and away to other scenes, longing for new worlds (of game) to conquer.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shooting Near Valencia, Spain.

Many readers of the *Field* will have heard of the "Albufera" or fresh-water lake near here, which, although very accessible, is shot over by but few foreigners, for reasons that I will afterwards endeavor to explain; still, as it is one of the most favored haunts of wild-fowl in the Mediterranean, a short sketch of the place and way of going to work may not be unacceptable.

During many years' residence in the country, mine ears had been at times tickled, at times charmed, by the stories of "great" days, but until last Winter I had no opportunity of trying my luck; so I was glad on arrival here to find a guide, philosopher, and friend in the person of Don Jose, a most obliging carpenter, who had assisted in the installation of my house. The old fellow was, I afterwards learned, a thorough sportsman and a good shot. He shoots well with a Belgian breech-loader, and I fancy makes better work on the lake and paddy fields with his gun than in carpentering with wretched German tools—all, of course, with English marks.

Having stored a "tartana" with the needful, we left on a Friday afternoon. Don Jose was particularly careful of a big-bellied, perspiring water bottle of porous clay. It would not stand up nor lie down like any decent bottle, but managed to impart its contents pretty freely all around. Now, as it was not Summer, I could see this excess of freshness would rapidly become a bore; so, being well provided with a noble wineskin, I ventured to suggest that he should heave it away. Had I been inconsiderate to his pet saint, he could not have been angrier for a moment; but this soon passed, as he told me that at the Albufera there is no drinking water. To a Spaniard water is as necessary as to a steam engine. There is no more temperate nation than the Spanish where wine or spirits are concerned; but I think, my teetotal friend, that pulls at the water at all hours must be considered a sin and excess.

The water question being settled, we pulled up our tartana beyond the octroi district, and, filling the skin with good Benocarillo at one of the little wine shops where economical bibbers are wont to pass pleasant afternoons with the wine duty free, we lost no further time in getting on.

The road for some distance follows the course of the Turia; then it diverges to the right through a most fertile district, dotted over with white reed-thatched cottages such as one often sees in England, especially in the eastern counties. These in time were left behind, and, passing canes here and reeds there, with rice everywhere, we in due time arrived at the Saler. This is a small collection of huts and cottages at the head of the lake, where Don Jose and the other "aficionados" have lodgings in which to sleep and keep their apparatus. The next thing was for Don Jose to overhaul his "fixins" and make all ready for the morrow. Opening his little one-roomed den, my eyes fell upon the modest furniture—one camp bed—not even a chair. There was also a small cooking range; and I naturally debated within myself whether the eels, the staple of the place, would be best grilled, or in the celebrated paella (a first-rate dish of rice, etc., in the frying pan). But cooking and bed were far from his thoughts as yet. Raising his hand to different shelves that ran round the room, he tenderly brought down and inspected his "bots," or decoys. Of these he had eighty, and, had I manifested the slightest curiosity, he would have favored me with a dress rehearsal of their powers that same evening. No owner of a short-horn herd could look on his pets with more affectionate interest than did poor Don Jose. He had brought from Valencia a small package which he carefully shielded from accident. It proved to contain another decoy, whose head had come to grief on a previous day. This had been replaced by some *artefact*; so, confidently calling his friends and bystanders together, Don Jose challenged criticism. It was pronounced by all a most wonderful head. I was struck particularly by its awfully large round eyes, like those of the dodo in old engravings.

The "bots" replaced, our next task was to see that our "puestos" were in good order. I may here mention that "puesto" means literally "spot" or "place;" but on the Albufera the word is applied to the tub-like apparatus from which one shoots, and also to the different sites for shooting. Of these latter there are nearly a hundred marked out in a plan in the lessee's office. Don Jose, in trying to make his tub sure for the following day, began hammering down all the hoops. Result—a broken hoop, utterly irreparable where we were. Every shot he missed next day—they were not many—he attributed to the nervous feeling of being in a doubtful puesto.

Nightfall having now set in, we crowded into a hut rather larger than the rest, playing cards for farthing stakes until supper and bed-time. Mine host insisted on my taking his bed, he contenting himself with a big rug on the floor. Kind though fidgety, Don Jose could not sleep himself, nor would he let me. Lighting a match, he would potter about with his decoys time after time, and I felt relieved when at midnight he got up for good.

At one A. M. we were all summoned by a bell to the lessee's house. The Albufera being government property, the shooting is annually let by auction. The lessee makes profit out of it, or the reverse, according to circumstances. The shooting season begins on the 8th of September, and continues every Saturday to Holy Week. There are also two free days during the season.

Having, then, obtained their lease for the season, the lessees offer, also by auction, season tickets. Last year the first choice of "puesto" sold at nearly £100; then other inferior prices followed. Some twenty-five puestos were thus taken up—of course the higher numbers at an inverse ratio of price.

On entering the office rather a curious scene presented itself. On a dais raised off stood a table with a lamp at each side, and a lottery machine in the middle—the gunners wrapped up, in some instances with their faces covered as a protection against the wind, but each with one or two guns; conversation being carried on in Lemosin or Valencian, which out of the capital is *de rigueur*.

The lessee's clerk shortly made his appearance, supported on either hand by a guard, and business commenced.

No. 1 is first asked what place he chooses. Doubtless well advised by his boatman, he replies without hesitation. He names some one of the favorite spots, and the transaction is formally entered into a book. Then comes No. 2, and so on to the whole of the twenty-five season-ticket holders present. But there are many who come for a day's shooting only, and this can be obtained by payment of a dollar. Here the lottery machine comes into play to settle the precedence of these day tickets. Most of these men are employees, etc., not always able to get away, but club with others in the "puesto," "bots," etc.

All work over in the office, each man gets on board his punt manned by two fennmen. On taking a glass of aguardient ere starting, great hopes were expressed by all of a good day. All your traps on board, you lie snugly down at the bottom of the punt to be conveyed to your destination. Mine took me an hour and a half to arrive at.

Once there, we awaited under the lee of some sedge for day-break ere casting puesto and bots overboard. The Albufera is

very shallow, containing in most places only two or three feet of water, but with mud unsoundable. At last the tub is made fast to four stout stakes driven into the mud, and secured by cords of esparto rope. When the puesto is made fast, the boatmen order their man in, and, having craftily placed sedge and reeds all round, with the decoys in position, leave him in the grey dawn to his reflection or cigarette.

A word about these fenmen. Their whole life is, in some way or other, passed in the fever-breeding rice fields, sometimes working up to their knees in mud at plough, at others at the rice harvest and its transport by water carriage as far as practicable, filling up their intervals of time by fishing and attending sportsmen. Although the Valencian climate is probably unequalled for bright blue skies, its weather and fertility being simply perfection, let no man incautiously expose himself to the sun's rays, with afterwards a chill in these marshes. If he will not take warning from the musquitos, let him, at any rate, have quinine at hand; assuredly he will need it. Even these fenmen, inured as one would think they are to the miasma, all suffer more or less.

For birds, I believe that in their season but few species leave the lake unvisited. The flamingo is an institution there. I can only name four kinds of fish: tench, dace, eels, and one locally called "lobarra."

At daylight nearly every little battery had opened its fire, but the day's work was generally most unsatisfactory. This was, in a great measure, due to the large number, comparatively, of cripples escaping in the rough water, no dogs being allowed.

By midday I had only managed to get four to my gun; but the bad sport that day was general. On landing, I met a man who shoots professionally for the holder of No. 2 puesto. Besides his advantage in choice of place, he is reputed the best shot here. He only had eight. On good days he does havoc with the wild fowl such as Col. Hawker would have appreciated.

Seeing that the shots had almost everywhere ceased, I decided to return before it should blow harder. Already the wind had covered the lake with wavelets two feet high. In a well-found and well-handled boat at sea I am not a nervous man, but I confess that the punt inspired some few qualms—flat-bottomed, innocent of ballast, with a large lateen sail and sheet made fast. My men, however, knew their work; one steering with an oar, the other, King Christian-like, "stood at the lofty-mast," where, with halyard in hand, he regulated matters to a nicety.

On returning to the Saler, I found many shots, each telling his adventures, and every bird had a history. "Puneta!" As we found our "tartana" awaiting us, we made but a short stay for lunch, and then back to town by dusk.—LEWIS in *London Field*.

Shooting at Canton, Mo.

CANTON, MO., Jan. 4, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—For a great number of years this locality was one of the best for game on the Mississippi river. My acquaintance with this locality and its game extends as far back as 1858.

On the opposite side of the river from this village, in Illinois, is a vast tract of overflowed lands with its almost innumerable lakes and ponds, the principal growth or timber being pin oak, which produced yearly an immense amount of food, of which ducks are so particularly fond. When they first came in the Fall they would feed on the acorns that had fallen in the edge of the ponds and overflowed lands, and later you would find them marching by tens of thousands through the timber, gathering up the acorns with as much relish and twice as much noise as the same number of hogs. One could hear them for miles, and so eager were they for their food they paid but little or no attention to the hunter until they were fired into; and then frequently only those nearest would take flight, circle around for a while, and light only a short distance from where they first arose. Then they were counted by the hundred, instead of as now by the brace. This was in the days of muzzle-loaders. Had Scott, Purdy, Greener, Lefever and many other celebrated make of guns been as commonly in use then as at the present day, the slaughter would have been immense.

Geese were also very plentiful, but not so easily brought to bag. They frequented the corn and wheat fields during the day, and roosted in the larger lakes at night. Numbers were shot during their flight mornings and evenings by concealing oneself in the willows or high grass along the border of the lake, which put them at fair range as they went out and came in. They were very destructive to crops, frequently destroying large fields of corn and wheat. Then the farmer (now granger) would come to town for you in his buggy, and insist on taking you home with him for a week's rare sport, goose and chicken shooting. I noticed only a few days since, while passing some of the farms, notices stuck up "No shooting allowed on this farm; no trespassing," etc.

I recollect of going out on the 14th day of November, 1863, arriving at a corn field, which had been cut and shocked and planted with wheat, a little before daybreak. I went to the centre of the field on an elevated portion of ground, knowing that geese always settle when they have a commanding view, and fixed a splendid blind out of a corn shock and waited their coming. I did not have long to wait. As it grew light enough I could see a long line of them pointed directly to the field, and soon they were inside of it; and then for a reconnoitre. After circling around and becoming satisfied of no danger, they commenced settling near me. Bang! bang! I found myself flat on my back outside of the shock of corn, and but one goose down. A large pointer dog being concealed in front of me in the shock of corn had at the first discharge become anxious to know what was going on outside. After throwing him back in the blind and using a few pet words I fell to loading. On they came; now a double, then a single, and at times a clear miss, or a cripple. Thus I kept shooting until half-past nine, and when gathered I had twenty-nine. The next question was how to get them to town, having only a small, single buggy. A moment's reflection and I commenced stowing away, lashing them to the back of the seat and to the hind axle-tree, and when loaded presented a novel appearance.

Of late years geese and ducks have taken a more westerly flight; yet we have fair shooting and very many respectable bags are made of ducks and geese, which are yet with us, and have afforded considerable sport for the past few weeks, as many as seven geese falling to one gun during the morning's flight.

Quails have not been as plentiful as the indications promised during hatching time, yet they are in sufficient quantities to afford considerable sport. In looking over my memorandum for December I find that 216 quails have fallen to my favorite Scott, to say nothing of other game.

MAC.

A NEW METHOD OF DEER HUNTING.—Omaha, Neb., Jan. 3, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—The Christmas number of the *CHICAGO FIELD* is just at hand, and is truly a grand and interesting number. The *CHICAGO FIELD* is the favorite sporting journal with Omaha sportsmen.

The weather with us so far this winter has been exceptionally mild, that is to say, it has not been cold. We have had no snow to speak of, but on the contrary, frequent light rains, and from the 17th to the 22nd of December, dense fogs, something most

uncommon with us, and particularly at this season of the year. The roads have been almost a continuous stream of mud, but are now improving, the weather being comparatively clear, and colder.

Sporting notes at this season are generally "few and far between." On Christmas day a few of our sportsmen met at Luke's addition for a "sociable" at the trap; the day was raw and chilly with a moderate north wind, and a small bon-fire was required for the comfort of the shooters. Altogether the circumstances were so "uncongenial" that the shoot did not last long, consequently I do not send the score.

Following is the number of deer killed in this vicinity this season. Omaha hunters: S. B. Hathaway and Henry Dean, 6; Geo. T. Hoagland, 2; N. Elliott, 2; —Shepherd, 1; H. Haines, 1; L. Leeder, 1. Florence hunters: Thomas Price, 2; Lyman Saum, 1; David Meaks, 3; Shipley Bros., 4; John Scott, 1. Total, 24. All, with the exception of one killed by Mr. Hoagland, were killed above Florence and within ten to fifteen miles from Omaha. I think that I am correct in these facts, as my informant is reliable.

About two weeks ago two saloon keepers of this city (for short we will call them "Morris and Shep") arranged for a deer hunt north of Florence. They are not generally noted for the amount of game they usually bring to bag, but on this trip they proposed, if such a thing was possible, to get a deer. Passing through Florence they spied a doe in possession of the village butcher. Here was an excellent opportunity to cover all accidents. The butcher was immediately tackled for a bargain; (he paid \$3.50 for the doe) his price was \$12, which was agreed to, the purchase quickly made and our hunters again moved forward. At Mill creek the doe was removed from their conveyance, placed in a convenient position, and one of our bold hunters "took aim" with his shot gun, and shot a hole through the carcass where the rifle ball had penetrated when it was killed. In good season they returned to the city; in the evening paper it was announced that "Morris and Shep" had killed a doe, and it was served with great ado at the place of business of one of them in honor of the event.

F. B. L.

AS TO PATTERNS, ETC.—"VETERAN'S" FORTY FINE GUNS.—Cincinnati, O., Jan. 1, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—In a late issue of a highly esteemed journal devoted to field sports, an inquirer, G. A. P., Toledo, asks "what is considered a good pattern at 40 yards, using 1 oz. No. 6 shot?—12 gauge gun, of course. The answer given is '200 pellets.' In the same issue C. W. F., Brooklyn, says he put 101 pellets into a 24 inch circle—equivalent to about 118 pellets in the 30 inch circle—and upon that performance he requests an opinion. He is told that said pattern of 118 is "excellent." Have not our good editorial friends got the adjectives somewhat mixed? Surely, "200 pellets" is not only "good," but very good indeed; and when we remember that, under what most of us now consider the old regime, the best maker in the world failed to produce a gun of that power, the "goodness" of the 200 pellets is apparent.

Pape's gun, the winner in the London Field trial of 1866—that maker having also been the winner in the trials of 1858—made a pattern of but about 130 pellets, and, speaking "after the manner of men," Pape's winner and others were "good" guns.

In the *Turf, Field and Farm* trial, N. Y., 1873, of fourteen 12-gauge guns, paper shells, the average pattern was but 148 pellets; and of twenty-eight guns, paper shells—and fourteen of these guns were 10-bore—the average pattern was but 118. By the way, our friend "F. G. S." entered in that trial a "Crane" ten-bore, which gave a pattern of 107. The Col., like others of us, will hardly import more "Cranes."

The average of the *T. F. & F.* trial would not have reached the figure it did but for the presence in said trial of a number of guns more or less "choked."

Coming, now, to "choke-bores" it may be asserted that almost none of the "modified" guns will give us the "good" round figure referred to, the "full choke" being required if one wishes a pattern higher than say 180 pellets. From this pattern—30-inch circle, at 40 yards, of course—one can now get his gun maker to give him up to say 240 with heavy 12-bores, with English 6's or American 7's. But to produce this pattern the conditions must be the most favorable, else your extra big pattern will not be had. In the celebrated *Field* trial of 1875, in class 11, 12-gauge guns, on the second day—a typical day, considering pattern only, Greener got 199; Pape, 182; Baker, 176; Green, 171; and Rigby, 183. These are the higher scores, Tolley, Holland, Gates, Reilly and Dougall, noble makers, shooting on the first day, all falling below the figures just given. Gates, whom I met last Fall in San Francisco—where he seems to be making friends and reputation—got, in above trial 149. "Veteran," of St. Paul, comes out in a late letter vouchsafing the information that he has owned 39 fine guns, and has ordered his fortieth; that he does not care to keep a gun—his guns, he particularly tells us, are of the finest—over one year. A year indeed! Go to. It is a refinement of cruelty. Make a man keep the same gun a whole year? Let him have a new gun each month regularly. Why should he be denied such a simple luxury as a 45 or a 60-gauge gun with each recurring month? "Git a plenty while you're gittin'!" good "Veteran."

R. E. DUCIGNE.

SNIPES.—Winnebago City, Minn., Jan. 4 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—

"Strange that there should such difference be,
Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

Vaquus viator cantabit ante ladro (we) nem, yet, at the risk of raising an orthographic storm which might tempt me to wish I had never written a line regarding him or his family, I cannot help taking exception to your reply, in your really grand Christmas number, to "H," of Omaha, as to the plural of our mutual friend, *scolopaz*, or snipe.

Nothing that I know of but local custom, evidently impugned by query, can sanction such an innovation on accepted, and long established sporting parlance, as the addition of the letter "s" in speaking of snipe as a plurality.

I have shot snipe in the midst of many English speaking communities, but, till I came to America, where the question is evidently a new, and, I hope, still open one, never heard of even fifty couple as being aught but "snipe;" and as, on the *post tenebras lux* principle, your dictum is likely to be in the future considered here as authoritative on the point. I am loth to allow your ruling to become final without protest.

Grammarians, would, no doubt, give your *flat* a full endorsement, but the custom of many years, if not centuries, legitimizes the expressions, brace of quail, grouse or duck; and usage makes it as correct to speak of fifty couple of snipe, as of ten head of deer, or a dozen sheep.

Speaking of quail as captives, or in any light but that of component parts of a bag, it might be as right to call them quails as quail, although when alluding to them brought to bag, the final "s" is, even in their case, I believe, inaccurate in the ears of a sportsman, but I do not think that even that much can be claimed for snipe, either in the couple or the wisp.

Yours, captiously, UBIQUE.

[We regret that we cannot agree with our correspondent. That custom has established an error, is no reason why we should ad-

here to it; but the more reason that we should welcome the innovation. An error is an error, irrespective of the length of time custom has sanctioned it.—Ed.]

CHARLESTON NOTES.—Charleston, S. C., Dec. 31, '77.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—We looked forward to an unusually pleasant time on Christmas, and made preparations for three days in the country. As the banks closed on Monday the 24th, no business was done on that day and clerks and business men generally left the city on Saturday the 23rd, each telling his friends of the wonderful bag which was to reward him for his trip after the birds or deer. Bad weather we have looked forward to, on each holiday, and by Saturday night our fears were realized; the rain had set in and promised to last longer than our limited leave of absence, which promise was kept to the letter, as not a gleam of sunshine brightened the Christmas of 1877. The weather naturally interfered very seriously with shooting, and but small bags were made. Your correspondent who has "grown up with the birds" hunted with poor success, finding partridges scarce and made but a small bag, viz. 14. Other parties were but little more successful; forty partridges and one deer to four guns, and with a party of seven, who hunted on Monday and Tuesday, two deer and one fox. All complain of the weather, and many do not realize that it proved an admirable friend inasmuch as they can brag of what they would have done, had it been fair. I notice that we always hear of the number of birds bagged, but we rarely hear the proportion to the number of shots.

The meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club which takes place in February is the only topic of interest in the sporting circles. Several horses have arrived and are in training, among them a South Carolina colt which the boys propose backing with perfect confidence in his success; his dam was a Boston mare, and his sire, Gaberlunzie. The interest which attaches to him is added to by the fact of his dam, Flora, having made a very creditable race at the last meeting of the club prior to the war, and having been ridden during the whole war as a cavalry horse. She died during the week of our State fair at the advanced age of twenty-three, leaving a fine Bingham filly six months old.

ECHO.

THE FIRST WOODCOCK IN NEBRASKA.—Lynn, Mass., Jan. 2, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I see in issue of Dec. 22 of *CHICAGO FIELD*, an article from Omaha on natural history, by a very able scribe, claiming the name of "Bob White." I was not aware at the time I took this name that Bob Whites were so numerous, but I see I have flushed the wrong bird, and will retire from the field and seek some other kind of game.

By the way, if I am not mistaken, I had the honor of bagging the first woodcock killed in Nebraska. I think it was in 1870 or '71, in the month of August. I was in company with Mr. Geo. Hill, of Omaha, near Arlington Grove, shooting doves. When near a cornfield Old Bounce brought up stiff and staunch, and to my surprise, up went a woodcock, and was nicely brought to bag; and in a short time ten more were keeping company with the first. I then called at the race track. I think it was run by M. E. Tanery at that time, and his man Friday being quite a sport from Kentucky, in talking of woodcocks said there was not one in Nebraska; he had lived there eleven years, and he would set them up if I could show him a woodcock. Judge his surprise when I laid eleven fine fellows on the bar; he acknowledged the corn and set up the rye. The next day Mr. Tanery, Mr. Majors, who I think then kept the Sherman House, and several others, bagged a fine lot in the same meadow; and during my stay of two months in Omaha I shot over 300 woodcocks, within a few miles of Arlington Grove, over my Irish and Laverack dog Bounce, which I afterwards sold to Mat Harris, of Omaha. It is my intention to settle in Iowa this coming season, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting my brother sportsman, "Bob White," in the field; and we will count bags for the honor of the name. Until then I will sign myself

WOODCOCK.

SHOOTING FROM A LIGHTNING TRAIN.—Our Virginia, Nevada, correspondent, "Pills," sends us the following: "Last Saturday evening Tom Clark, engineer of the lightning express train of the the Virginia & Truckee Railroad, when making the trip between this city and Reno, overtook three deer on the track a short distance north of Steamboat Springs. Two of them leaped the board fence alongside of the road and made their escape. The third, a fine two-year-old buck, concluded to try a race with the locomotive. Clark instructed his fireman to follow him up, while he himself went back to the express car for a shot gun, which was loaded with buckshot, with which he took up a position on the tender and waited for the locomotive to overtake Mr. Deer. After a race of 300 yards the locomotive came up alongside of the buck, when Clark poured into him a charge of buckshot which badly crippled him in the shoulders. Porter Rockwell, the express messenger, turned loose on the deer with another shot gun from the express car, and when he came in range, conductor Ed Verrill fired from the baggage car with a Winchester rifle. The deer, unable to stand up under such a heavy fire, gave up the ghost, and was taken on board the train. Engineer Clark is of the opinion that there must be a deer lick somewhere in that locality, as he has seen deer there on at least twenty different occasions. He says that if they do not at once jump the fence on being started up, he has a dead thing on them with his formidable battery of Gatling guns. The head of the buck captured the other night is being stuffed at the market of Ingersoll & Craddock, and will hereafter adorn the headlight of the locomotive, Reno."

MARSHALL NOTES.—Marshall, Mich., Jan. 2d, 1878.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I learned from a friend of mine, who resides in Albion, Mich., that a party of your gentlemen, viz: Mr. John Hoaglin, Wm. Sawyer, John Tompkins, and Chas. Ensign, spent the first week of December in the vicinity of Baldwin, Lake Co., Mich., hunting deer, and managed to capture ten fine ones, which they considered fair luck in the length of time and without snow. Birds have been rather scarce in this vicinity, although quite a number of partridges and a few quails have been taken in the past sixty days. My friend J. F. G. and myself have been out several times, and with the assistance of Juno, a young bitch of good promise, owned by John Butler, of this city, we managed to bag from one-half to one and one-half dozen partridges and a few quails each time. I carried Juno's lunch and found my coat lighter on returning home, than when I started. By the way, speaking of Juno, we value her still more highly at present, as she has just returned from a visit to Mr. A. Burges' Rufus, and we shall expect a fine lot of puppies in the Spring.

ASPIRATION.

THE CUVIER CLUB.—The Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, gave its usual "New Year's Reception" to its friends, Jan. 1. Numerous invitations had been issued—for the Cuvier does not throw open its doors to the "lunch fiends"—and the elite of the city looked in upon the club in its cosy quarters, and did justice to its elegant cuisine. The callers footed up a pretty good regiment of some 800 persons. Its own membership is now about 400. The club is one only of the many attractions of the "Paris of America," and its future is promising.

R. E. DUCIGNE.

Hunting.

New Year's Day with the Queens County Hunt.

A special meeting of the Queens County Hunt came off on New Year's Day in a very enjoyable way at Garden City. The weather being of the most delightful kind for the season, the attendance both of regular members of the hunt and of amateurs was unusually large and the sport excellent.

The forenoon train conveyed to Garden City a party of about twenty ladies and gentlemen who intended to participate in the day's amusement. The same train which took out the knights of the whip and spur, together with their grooms, bridles and saddles, carried out also poor Reynard, the victim of the day, who was carefully stowed away in a bag in charge of the two men who were to "drag" with him a portion of the country. The hunt was, therefore, intended to be partly a "drag" and partly a run after the fox. The usual time for starting the run is one o'clock; but yesterday, on account of the hard frost in the ground, it was deemed advisable to defer the hour, hoping that the sun would sufficiently soften the turf to admit of taking out the horses without danger of accident. Strictly speaking there should have been no hunt, for the frost was too deep in the ground to conduct it with safety to the men and the animals; but as they were all on the ground and the fox on hand it was resolved not to forego the exciting pleasure of a run.

By three o'clock fifteen of the regular members of the hunt and twenty-three other riders—the most of the latter being farmers belonging to the neighborhood—were assembled at the kennel, whence the start for the cover was made. The impatient hounds were unkenneled, and glad to feel the sod beneath their feet, gave out a deep-mouthed challenge in the bracing air. Along the road, near the kennel, an extended line of carriages to the number of between twenty and thirty was drawn up, and their occupants, of each sex, watched the scene with interest. When everything was in readiness, the huntsman's horn set the field in motion and away they all went in gallant style across the fields in a southwesterly direction, for about a mile. This was continued till the outskirts of Hempstead were reached. As the field was quite numerous, and nearly every horseman rode for the same part of the fences, the riders soon strung out so as to cover a long strip of ground. In the first two or three miles there were no falls of any account. The pack kept the fresh scent pretty well, though they were sometimes at fault, especially at the opening of the run. From the eastern suburbs of Hempstead the hounds made a curve toward the southeast, when a beautiful gallop of nearly three miles was had across the plains. Here there were but few jumps of any account, and as the hounds keenly kept the scent, this portion of the run was most interesting. Notwithstanding the hardness of the ground the horses were sometimes put to their mettle, and it is very fortunate that serious accidents did not mar the day's enjoyment. After crossing the plains at hot speed the hounds bore their course more toward the south on the west side of Uniondale. The run continued in this new direction for a distance of three miles, with now and then a dash of the pack for a short distance on the wrong scent. By this time a couple of riders had come out of their saddles through the fault of their horses in refusing fences which they could easily have cleared but for their fear which they evinced of leaping on the frozen ground.

Hunters and hounds traversed Uniondale, and on the eastern extremity of that place made a new start in a northerly direction, facing Barnum's avenue. Here the hounds became more confident of being on the right scent and ran swiftly, but without giving much tongue, toward the northeast. At this point of the chase another brace of riders lost their seats without any injury to themselves or much damage to their horses. The pack were now hot upon the warm scent of the fox, which was at that moment between two and three miles ahead of them. The field, as is always the case, did not ride together, the presence of many poorly trained horses and a few indifferent riders preventing their doing so. Some of the countrymen lagged far behind, although three or four of them kept well up with the master of the hounds and the whip. The chase took a northeasterly direction toward a spot designated as "Island of Trees." The country was rough and almost devoid of cover, while the fences became more formidable, and the leaps involved greater risk than at the start. It is said, however, that to obviate this difficulty the men in charge of the drag received instructions to take down a rail or two when it might be necessary. This is nothing strange, when the dangerous condition of the ground is considered, and also the fact that some ladies were in the saddle.

As the hounds took an occasional sweep to right or left, their deviation from the straight line allowed a number of the second class riders to get nearer the pack. At a place called "East Meadowbrook," about half a mile from the kennel and not far from the starting point, the fox was let loose in a fine open field, the dogs being then at least half a mile from him, with a couple of stiff fences intervening. The poor fox, who was utterly ignorant of the fact that danger threatened him or that he should be afraid of the hounds or the "Tally-ho!" whose sounds he heard in the distance, instead of taking to his heels lay down in the field where the men had released him from the bag. In fact, he was an American fox, who did not seem to possess any more definite idea of fear than either Israel Putnam or Andrew Jackson. On came the eager pack; the huntsman, whipper-in, and another horseman cleared the two last fences, yet the fox did not stir, and, as the pack bounded for him, the men in charge kept them back till the two foremost riders dismounted and knocked him on the head and thus terminated the sport. The brush was awarded to the first of the two ladies in at the death, and the pads became the trophies of the four foremost huntsmen. The run, which had been a most enjoyable one, covered altogether a distance of about ten miles. A short time before the death, a stout gentleman, who rode a fine chestnut-colored mare, named Madge, (a Kentucky horse), raced her at the fence, which she took, but dislocated the joint near the foreleg, above the hoof, and tore a portion of the muscles, thus rendering her utterly useless for any purpose whatever. Shortly after sundown the huntsmen dismounted at Garden City. A number of gentlemen and ladies remained there for the night, and the others returned to New York on the 5:30 train.—N. Y. Herald.

Double Grip to a Virginia Subscriber, and on Shakey Breech-Loaders.

DAUPHIN, Penn., Jan. 5, 1878.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—As an Englishman who has spent nine years in this country, entirely for sport, and who has followed the hounds in England since he was a boy, I should like to say a few words in answer to a letter written by "A Virginia Subscriber," in your paper of the 22d of December. I think that if the W. E. Waring, therein mentioned, displays an entire ignorance of America and American fox-hunting, "A Virginia Subscriber's" knowledge of fox-hunting in England is equally limited.

In the first place England is certainly the native country "of fox-hunting, which flourished there long before "A Virginia

Subscriber's" "cavalier ancestors" came over here, indeed, long before America was discovered. Most of the best horses and hounds, too, in this country are descended from imported stock; even the red foxes in this country were brought from England. Then, again, supposing that a pack of hounds consists of forty only is a great mistake, as almost every pack numbers 100 to 200 hounds and some of them even more. Most certainly there is no country where fox-hunting is carried to such perfection, where the breeding of the hounds is as carefully attended to and where the whole thing, servants, horses and hounds are turned out in such style as in England. I have frequently seen as many as 400 horsemen and from 70 to 80 carriages at a meet, nearly all turned out in beautiful order, and most of the horses being thoroughbred or three parts bred hunters, groomed till they shone like satin and in "top condition," ridden, too, by men whom "A Virginia Subscriber" will find take a deal of beating over a country infinitely harder to cross than any part of Virginia, from the variety of the fences and small size of the fields.

Then, again, as to the number of foxes killed in a season by one pack; from 70 to 100 couples would be about the average, not 20. When speaking of the number of hounds kept in England, it should be remembered that there are more packs of harriers and beagles kept (most of which do not advertise their meets in the papers, and are, therefore, unknown to a stranger), than of fox-hounds, so that there must be from 70 to 75,000 hounds of different sorts in Great Britain. As to the length of runs, too, the twenty mile run mentioned would be by no means wonderful, runs having been known of more than twice that distance.

In saying what I have, I by no means wish to decry American sportsmen or their hounds, having received a great deal of hospitality from the former and some capital runs behind the latter, but nevertheless I cannot help stating facts as they are.

Before finishing this rather long epistle, I wish to say a few words as to breech-loaders. I have seen several letters in your columns as to breech-loaders becoming shaky, and as to the very few actions there are which will stand hard work. Now, my own experience is, that if a breech-loader is thoroughly well made, almost any action will stand for a number of years. I do not believe in any "single" snap gun, but there are many double or treble snaps, and, better than all, there is the double grip, which I have thoroughly tested with heavy charges, and I have now before me three guns on the latter principle, weighing about 7 lbs apiece, which I have used for 6, 17 and 18 years respectively, and all of them are as free from shaking and as good in every way as the day they were made. I have had five best guns and rifles from Dougall, and I have found that though strong they are not so strong as the double grip and its combinations, such as Greener's and Lang's, as the whole strain comes on the eccentric which has to be renewed or the gun will shake. Tolley's giant grip seems very strong, but I have not tried it as yet. I have had an eight-bore duck gun for nine years, on the double grip principle and have shot with it some thousands of ducks, using six and eight drams of English powder, and yet it is as sound as the day it was made. The chief reason for there being so many shaky guns in this country is the enormous number of cheap, rubbishy guns sent over, many of them marked with the names of makers who never even saw them, made purposely for export. There are very few men here who care to give more than from \$100 to \$150 for a gun, and if you deduct from this sum the 35 per cent. duty, carriage, custom fees and profit, it does not leave a sufficient sum to pay for a really sound "lasting" gun in England. If those who want a really good gun would order direct of a good maker one of his "best" guns, they would soon cease to complain of their guns shaking. I have myself owned nearly sixty best guns and rifles by many makers. I have used them for all kinds of sport in three-quarters of the globe, and have yet to own my first shakey gun.

DOUBLE GRIP.

J. G. BENNETT AS A FOX HUNTER.—I rode into the farm yard in time to witness the arrival of the numerous well-mounted ladies and gentlemen who put in an appearance on this occasion, hailing from all quarters, Melton being well represented. Among the ladies I observed Mrs. Hornsby, Mrs. Younger, mounted on a real lady's horse, temperate and a perfect jumper; Mrs. Candy, Miss Bennett, accompanied by her brother, James Gordon Bennett, and a young lady who went at her fences with an earnestness of purpose that led me to believe that in a year or two's time she will be a luminary that will dazzle the lookers-on in the shires. "Halloo! halloo!" cries Frank Gillard, and in a very few minutes we go away at a splitting pace. By the time I had flown three or four hurdles I was satisfied that my nag's qualifications had not been overstated, and was preparing to settle down for a burster, when "who-hoop! who-hoop!" was shouted, the hounds having pulled down a mangy fox. Then to Herring's Gorse, where once more the welcome cry of "Gone away! gone away!" was heard. Gillard, on his old gray, blows his horn, and off we go at a rattling pace across the light plow-lands, over the beautiful fences, galloping at full tilt for twenty-five minutes, but losing our fox near Sproxtton Village. A more enjoyable gallop I have not had the good fortune to meet with for many a day—the land riding light, and every fence negotiable. The same geniality exists among the sportsmen of the present day as was graphically described by "Nimrod" in his work, "The Chase, Turf and Road," where he tells of the reception of a stranger in the shires, for a noble Earl, riding up, proffered me a share of his luncheon and the contents of his flask, which I thankfully accepted, and was then ready for our third fox, which was soon found in Humberstone Gorse. Again we go away, running through Swallow-hole Cover and then hunting slowly, leaving Croxtton Park on our left, through Bescaby Oaks, pointing for Sproxtton. Bearing away to the right we ran for Croxtton Park, where we came to a check, and the Meltonians left; but Frank Gillard picked up his fox again and followed him through Granby Gorse, on to Bullmer, then back again across the Waltham road, by the old toll-bar, and away towards Stonesby, where the hounds were whipped off, as night had closed over them. As I rode home to Melton Captain Middleton overtook me and said that five couples of hounds, which had separated from the pack, went away with another fox; that he had enjoyed a merry spin by himself for thirty minutes, and that he should have killed his fox if he had had anyone to whip in to him.—London Telegraph.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

Reader, Sherman.—I have a young bull-dog that has spells of jerking and then appear to get worse. Otherwise he is all right, appetite, good, eyes clear, etc. What can I do for him? Ans.—The trouble is probably chorea. You do not say how long the dog has been afflicted, or if the jerking came on after some disease from which he has recovered; if the latter is not the case the jerking is possibly sympathetic with derangement of the stomach or bowels. Give one or two doses of area nut (a quarter of a nut to a dose) followed by castor oil, and if this brings away any worms, continue till the dog is thoroughly cleaned out, then give the following pill three times a day. Sulphate of zinc five grains, extract of gentian three grains. Support this by nourishing food, and write again with full particulars if no improvement is noticed. See article on nervous diseases in our last issue for treatment of chorea.

E. J., St. Louis.—I have a bull-pup eighteen months old, that has been deaf ever since his ears were cut when quite young. I think that some of the blood must have run into the ears and dried there, causing deafness. Do you agree with me or what is your theory and advice? Ans.—It is not probable that deafness could be caused as you think. We have seen similar cases and attributed them to injury to the nerves of the ear from the operation. This is unusual, but is the only theory that appears to account for the deafness. Foreign substances or accumulation of wax in the ears will also cause deafness, and possibly your dog's case may be due to this. Try syringing the ears with tepid water two or three times a day. Be careful not to throw in a strong stream or you may injure the ears still more.

F. D. M., Madison.—My dog has been suffering for a number of weeks from an inflammation between the toes, extending on two or three to the roots of the nails. There is some pus and a constant itching, causing the dog to gnaw at his feet and to be quite lame. I have tied arnica and water, but cannot cure him. Can you give me any help? Ans.—"Stonehenge" speaks of a disease similar to that you describe as a species of blotch or scurf, and prescribes a mild cathartic, followed by low diet, and touching the sores with bluestone. If the dog is out of health, give five drops of Fowler's solution with each meal, which should be of a nourishing character.

H. W., Readville.—My pup, three months old, passes large quantities of small white worms half an inch long, with one end sharp the other blunt. What can I do for him? He seems well otherwise. Ans.—If the pup does not lose flesh or appear ill in any way, he will probably relieve himself of the worms without the help of medicine, but if he grows thin, or shows hot, dry nose and watery eyes, with a variable appetite, give one quarter of a roughly-grated area nut and follow, six hours later, with a tablespoonful of castor oil. Give on an empty stomach and repeat three times, with intervals of a day between doses.

S. S. L., Ann Arbor.—My dog has a singular trouble with one eye; it has been coming on for some time and now he is apparently totally blind in one eye. The eye is clear, is not at all red or inflamed, and does not appear at all unusual, except that the centre spot is much larger than in the other—fully a third. What is the matter, and what can I do for him? Ans.—From your description we deem the trouble amaurosis, which is incurable. You had better consult a good oculist.

C. C., Baltimore, Md.—Please let me know through your paper how I can rid my setter of a tape-worm. I have taken three pieces from her at different times, by the use of oil, but never succeeded in getting the head. Ans.—Enclose \$1.50 to Caswell, Hazard & Co., druggists, 5th Ave. Hotel, New York, for a Naldire's worm powder, and give according to directions.

VETERINARY.

T. B. J., La. Cygne, Ks.—My running horse, nine years old, needs his whole system renovated and purified; how should I handle him this winter to make a new horse of him? I have been advised to freeze him out but do not understand the process. Ans.—As many flesh of many kinds as many men of many minds, particularly in regard to wintering sometimes to win has often to lose, and in the latter case he lays the blame to circumstances over which he had no control instead of to his own conceit and stupidity. If you want to run the risk of losing your horse by diseases such as pneumonia, pleurisy, suppurative laryngitis and others; or contracting such disorders that will render him almost useless, as nasal gleet, chronic cough, thick wind, roaring, rheumatic laminitis, etc., etc., and make a long-coated, pot-bellied, homely brute out of a beautiful thoroughbred, you could not be any more certain of doing it than by the freezing process, but if you want to keep him healthy, hearty, vigorous, strong and handsome, winter him in a rational manner, which, according to our idea, is as follows: If he seems to be out of order—off his feet, hidebound, tucked up, dyspeptic and generally unthrifty—give him a mild purgative, say four or four and a half drachms of aloes and a drachm each of ginger and gentian made into a ball; have his molar teeth rasped down so that he can grind his food properly and comfortably; horses at that age always require it; give him plenty of the best of hay and water, enough oats to keep the muscles in good, strong condition; roots—carrots are the best—once a day; a few ears of corn now and then; keep him in a well ventilated, well drained, clean stable; clothe him comfortably and give him gentle, regular exercise; remove the shoes and pare down the feet rather freely, and keep him if possible on the ground. With management as sketched above, regulated to suit the animal, by the common sense and judgement of the trainer, you will keep your horse in a thrifty condition, maintain health and activity of the digestive organs and bring him out in the Spring both willing and able to do his work satisfactorily.

W. M. McD., Iowa City, Iowa.—My driving horse has something wrong with his teeth, but I don't know exactly what, and wish to get your opinion on it. He eats slow and not very much, staggers a good deal when driving and is inclined to pull more on one rein than the other; he does not seem well; his coat is rough and he is thin in flesh. Do you think anything wrong with the teeth would cause it? Do horses ever have the toothache? Ans.—From the natural level of the molar teeth—the upper ones downward and outward, and the lower rows upward and inward, they become worn, as a natural consequence, so that the edges become so sharp as to scarify the cheeks and tongue, and render mastication very painful; and this condition is often accompanied with all the symptoms spoken of above, and sometimes with many more. All that is necessary generally is to have the sharp edges filed down smooth and round, and give a tonic of powdered pale bark two ounces, powdered nutmeg one ounce, carbonate of soda and nitrate of potash one ounce each, mix and divide into sixteen powders; give one three times a day in the feed. Horses undoubtedly have toothache quite frequently; the molars become decayed sometimes so as to require extraction.

J. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have a horse that, when driven hard, runs at the nose and coughs, which seems to come from the mouth, and he breathes hard; I have had him one year; was that way when I got him. Will you please tell me what you think the matter is with him, and how to cure him? Ans.—Your description is so meagre that it is scarcely safe for us to express an opinion, but from what you write we are inclined to think that the horse has either thick or broken wind, accompanied by a chronic cough and nasal gleet. Write us again and say if we are correct in our diagnosis, and whether the nose has run and the cough existed continuously for over a year, whether there is any bulging of the bones of the face, the condition of the appetite, age of the horse, and be particular in describing the character of the hard breathing alluded to, and we will be better able to prescribe for you. In the mean time give him some powders composed as follows: take of carbonate of ammonia, gum camphor, and digitalis each half a drachm, and gentian one drachm; pulverize, mix, and give as one dose in the feed; repeat twice a day for two or three weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. H. S., Ravenna, Ohio.—What is the meaning of the term *aback* or *sail aback* as used nautically? Ans.—*Aback* denotes the situation of the sails when their surfaces are flattened against the masts by the force of the wind. Sails are said to be "taken aback" when they are brought into this situation, either by a sudden change of wind or by an alteration in the ship's course. They are "laid aback," to effect an immediate retreat, without turning to the right or to the left; or in other words, to give the ship sternway. Sails are placed in this position by slackening their lee braces, and hauling in the weather ones, so that the whole effort of the wind is exerted upon their anterior surface. It is also usual to spread some sail aback near the stern, as the mizzen top-sail, when a ship rides with a single anchor in a road, in order to prevent her from approaching it so as to entangle the flukes with the slackened cable, and thereby loosen the ground hold.

Amusements.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Almee is here! Need we say more? To say that the houses were crowded on every occasion is painting the lily, for no matter what the weather, or how hard the times, every young would-be man of the world, and each used-up "rone" is sure to secure a seat for her performances.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Another new drama is on at this house, Mr. Frederick Clark's "True Woman." It is only to run through the week. The concluding piece is the farce of "Nan, or Good for Nothing." Next week will be played "Lost in London."

HAYESLEY'S THEATRE.—The Hon. W. F. Cody, the original Buffalo Bill, is reigning monarch of the blood and thunder drama of "Lost and Won," played during the week at this house. Into the play is introduced varieties in the shape of Indian chiefs and crack ride teams. Anent the latter we have simply to say that they should be strenuously discontinued. Any show that is liable to cause death to the performers should be scouted.

NEW CHICAGO THEATRE.—Callender's Georgia Minstrels are still at this house and doing very well. Their performances are always fresh in fun, varied in performances, and the singing is always good.

CLUB MEETING.—The Chicago Shooting Club will hold its semi-annual meeting on Friday, Jan. 11, at 50 East Madison street.

WANTS AND EXCHANGES

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

WILD RICE.—Wanted several bushels of wild rice address, stating price, B. J., care CHICAGO FIELD, 8-17-11

TO EXCHANGE.—Will exchange one of three choice pups for good muzzle-loading shot gun. Address Box 11, New Brighton, Pa. 8-16-11

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HOLIDAY GOODS.—W. Phillips, agent, dealer in Stationery, Newspapers and Periodicals, Holiday Goods, 101 E. Madison St., Chicago. 8-17-11

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BREKER.—Wanted a breker to take entire charge of a gentleman's kennel. He must come thoroughly recommended for ability, sobriety and integrity. To such a man a liberal salary will be paid. Address OWEN, Box 470, Post Office, New York. 8-17-11

YOU WANT THE SPORTSMEN'S RECORD.—I am having many applications for this admirable little Memorandum book. Send in your names. It is just the thing every sportsman wants, for at any time he can look back and give the particulars of a day's bag. Price, 50 cents. Address, A. H. HORNSEBY, this office. 6-15-11

A BARGAIN.—Several volumes of "Land and Water," "Spirit of the Times," "Canadian Sporting Times," "Illustrated Sporting News," etc., for sale cheap, or will exchange with good 12 gauge, fine twist muzzle-loader, for a Parker or Remington breech-loading shot-gun. Would exchange the sporting journals for other sporting works. Address F. E. POND, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis. 8-6-11

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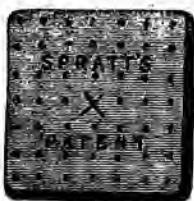
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Rapp, Gordon, black and tan, by Major Cowan's Sancha out of a bitch owned by Mr. Baker, of Elmore kennel. For particulars address W. J. FARRAR, Toledo, Ohio. 8-23-11

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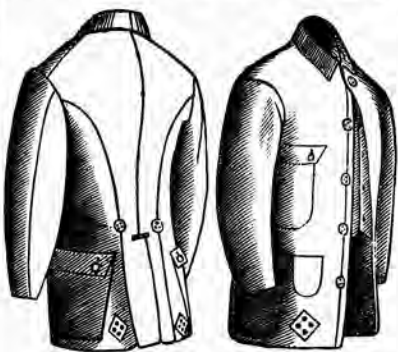
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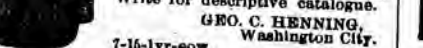
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